

Bahrain proclaims independence

Bahrain has proclaimed its full independence. Within a few hours the State, political and most mature of the Persian Gulf states will formally abrogate its special relationship with Britain and sign a new friendship. Sheikh Issa bin Suleiman has proclaimed his Government's intention to re-sign the treaties yesterday, and said that Bahrain would be applying for membership of the United Nations and the Commonwealth.

Foreign Office yesterday welcomed the news and said: "We look forward to the strengthening of the new relationship." The Government confirmed the Labour government's decision to withdraw from the end of this year, the Foreign Office had hoped that the nine sheikhdoms join a Union of Arab Emirates. At present they are still expected to do so. But their intention is of joining only at a future time. Another sheikhdom with oil income, Qatar, is expected to follow Bahrain's example within a few days.

Istan army airlift

PAKISTAN Government has begun the evacuation of at least one army division from Dacca. It will join the four others already employed against the rebels in East Pakistan. The airlift started on Sunday when two of the four daily PIA flights to Dacca were "reserved for flight traffic." There has been a general exodus of refugees, including retired army personnel, from Europe, who have been to report to Rawalpindi as soon as possible.

Assam flood victims flee floods

North-East was worst hit as storms hit parts of Britain yesterday. Families homes as flood water sit deep in ham villages of Wingate and Dalton-on-Tees. A new estate at Silksworth 1,000 arrived in their homes. The River Derwent, and the Catterick by-pass was Darlington's fourth division footpath and Ripon's race meeting was off. In the West Country jams built up in the mud when a downpour flooded holiday route. In Bristol, shops were inundated and lightning cut off electricity, silence in Bristol.

Plat starts strike

HAN 300 car component workers at Res & Cables Ltd, Newcastle-under-lyne, went on strike yesterday over a Common Market pamphlet. Mr Les Transport and General Workers' unions convener said: "The pamphlet, about the union's policy, was put on the road for workers. The management pamphlet was of a political nature it down without consulting union Union-management talks are to continue today.

abortion law

A new abortion law is now awaiting royal assent, having passed both of Parliament, and is expected to come into law by January. It is similar to the Abortion Act but goes further in that the failure of any contraceptive method may be presumed to be a grave injury to the mental health of man and thus give grounds for an "absolute" abortion.

Jack spot death

Jack died yesterday and his wife was injured when his car finished halfibus at Penmanshaw corner an A1 near Berwick, Northumberland, farther south on the A120 Lincolnshire daymakers, were taken to hospital. A coach skidded through a wall and oil pumps at Browneside, near a fire which broke out on top of containing thousands of gallons of fuel controlled.

Es in crash

MAN who left his car to talk to a woman in collision with them at Tenby, Wales, was PC Hefin John, 22. The man he was talking to, Neville Birth, 22, of Cleckheaton, seriously injured.

On murder charge

Graham Stevenson, 21, of Hessle Hill, Hull, appeared before magistrate yesterday charged with the murder of Lucy Wainfer, 16, of Arundel. He was remanded in custody. The body was found on Friday night of an empty house.

for Nixon

T NIXON will probably visit Japan October 20 and early next week. His Kyodo news agency said they said this came out following an-US consultations over Chinese liaison at the United Nations.

—Reuters

Decision 'tomorrow'

Labour Party paper, Izmir, yesterday that Mr Dom Mintoff's will announce tomorrow its £5.5m offer for the use of British troops. —AFP

file of Mintoff: page 4

J. Barnsley style

Two 16-year-old girls, Liz Simmons and Alison, are taking a holiday next week in the town's ABC cinema. They aim for 18 performances of SWALKA, or idols, Jack Wild and Mark. They could look at them forever, the six days viewing will cost them £10 including bus fares; they are swallows and flasks for the

15 AUGUST 1971



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THE SUNDAY TIMES



United Kingdom refugees, 1971: They have fled from the terror in Ulster. At Gormanston camp in Eire, close to the border, there are more than 1,600 of them, including 1,200 children.

Army reinforces Eire border, may shoot across it

By Denis Herbstein and Derek Humphry

BRIGADIER Marston Tickell, British Army Chief of Staff in Northern Ireland, said yesterday that his troops would probably fire back across the Eire border if life was endangered by attack from the South.

This followed a 45-minute gun battle between soldiers and civilians near the border town of Newry early yesterday morning. The border is now to be strengthened with armoured vehicles from the Life Guards and the Royal Hussars patrolling the South Armagh area from today.

Meanwhile, the British Government is expected to request the Dublin Government to exercise greater control of the border, and Brigadier Tickell confirmed that the Army is trying to establish its position under international law. So far no shot has been fired at gunmen fleeing back across the border to the South.

The Northern Ireland Prime Minister, Mr Brian Faulkner, has been asked by the Northern Ireland Labour Party to recall County and High Court Judges from holiday in view of the massive build-up of the law list.

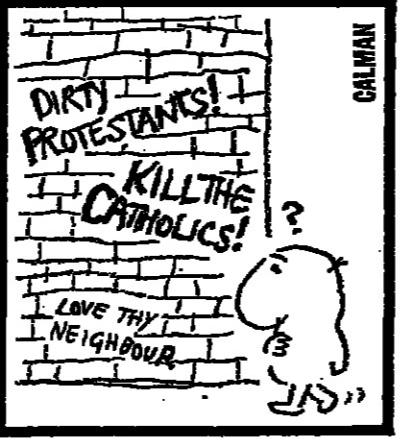
Fighting broke out at the end of a civil rights meeting in Londonderry yesterday. As the speakers were escorted by a crowd of about 1,000 back to the "free Derry" area of the Bogside, youths began stoning a warehouse in which troops were resting and the soldiers replied with CS gas.

The stoning continued and troops

backed up by Saracen armoured cars rushed at several hundred people who had come up behind the stone-throwers. The crowd turned and fled as the troops rushed at them.

Earlier Miss Bernadette Devlin, MP, told the meeting that the time had come to cease talking and to take action. "General Tuoz, Mr Heath and Lord Carrington have already started their side of the action by internment of our men folk. They expect people to lie down and do nothing as they did in the 1950s. It is now a crime to stand outside your front door and rattle your dustbin to warn of the approach of troops. Now we will do the talking and we will do the sorting out of our political future," said Miss Devlin.

Other speakers referred to the



THE ULSTER EXPLOSION: Pages 5, 6, 7, 8 & 9

Help for all in new pensions plan

By James Margach

LOWER PAID workers are to get a better State pensions deal under proposals to be announced next month in a Government white paper. Under the scheme everybody will pay flat-rate contributions to get a flat-rate pension, but employers will subsidise the poorer paid by matching workers' contributions at a substantially higher rate.

Ministers argue that the present flat rate contribution hurts the lower paid and that the simplified basic scheme must be earnings-related, though the benefit will still be a flat-rate pension.

This increase in employers'

contributions will point the way to other new social policies the Government is planning, which will bring Britain into line with the Common Market countries.

To expand private pension schemes run by firms and life insurance offices, special tax concessions will be introduced.

Twelve million people are now covered by occupational pension schemes; the Government hopes this figure will be considerably increased by making pension deductions less painful.

The third major pensions proposal will benefit nearly six million

people who are not covered by occupational or private schemes—for example the self-employed and building industry workers. For them there will be a pay-as-you-go reserve scheme which will operate on an earnings-related basis.

The Crossman earnings-related scheme which became a casualty of the Conservatives' election victory, will be abandoned totally because the Tories saw it as a challenge to free enterprise pension schemes operated by life insurance companies and feared that it could have been used as a lever for the subsequent State "mutualisation" of all pension schemes.

Dr Crawford, a specialist on cardiovascular diseases said yesterday: "We showed abstracts from our report in June to Sir George Godber, and to members of the British Waterworks Association. It was Sir George's opinion that while there was not sufficient evidence to justify introducing the hardening of all water supplies, it was clear that medical evidence was against softening and he announced his intention to advise medical officers of health of this."

So far there is no indication of how long it takes for coronary deaths to rise once a water supply has been softened. Nor is it known what factor present in hard water or lacking in soft water is responsible for these differences. The team is now trying to find out.

Recent research in several countries, particularly America and Sweden, have reached similar conclusions to this report. And the

Eleven seized British seamen were hunting £400,000 salvage

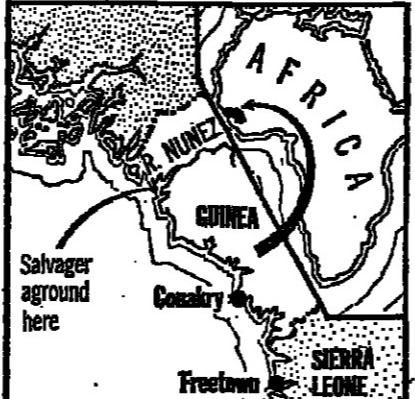
By a Sunday Times Reporter

A GROUP of British seamen, arrested at gunpoint when their ship went aground off the coast of West Africa, were "treasure hunters" on their way to salvage mercury worth about £400,000 from sunken German submarines. This was disclosed yesterday as a British embassy official was on his way to Conakry, capital of Guinea, to investigate the men's arrest.

The owners of the ship, the

Salvager, said yesterday that the crew were planning to raise 60 tons of commercial grade mercury from six submarines lying on the seabed in the Malayan Straits. The 620-ton Salvager, which sailed from Southampton in April, was reported to have gone aground at the mouth of the River Nunez, 100 miles from Conakry, on July 27.

Militiamen from Guinea forced



of the crew were warned that they would also be taken ashore later. A May Day message from the captain was picked up by Lloyd's shipping agents in Freetown. The capital of Sierra Leone. It was impossible to make contact with Guinea for further details of the

incident but last night the second secretary of the British Embassy in Dakar, Senegal, was flying to Conakry.

The Salvager is owned by Wake Brothers (Non-Ferrous) Ltd, a Portsmouth scrap metal company. Mr Michael Wake, the joint owner, said yesterday: "We haven't heard from the ship for a fortnight. We have no idea how she came to go aground. "We are trying to discover the fate of our crew, but at the moment we have no idea at all what is going on."

But Mr Peter Wake, the other joint owner of Wake Brothers, denied that he was owner of the ship. "She is nothing at all to do with us," he said. "I know nothing about her."

Commercial grade mercury is worth about £8 a pound. It is thought that the ship also intended to salvage other metals from the sunken submarines.

WHAT IS IT
LIKE LIVING
WITH JILLY
COOPER?

Her husband
tells 24

WHY 35 MEN DIED
ON YARRA BRIDGE
Business News 39

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE
DOLLAR? Business News 43

SOCER STARTS
4 PAGES OF SPORT 12-15

Motoring 10, Attics 11, Letters 11, Weather 16, What's on this week-end 16, Travel 22, Fashion: Ernestine Carter 23, Sunday Times Degree Service 26, Lanning Roper's Gardening 29, Houses 31, Crossword & Brain-Teaser 33, TV Guide for this week 34

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Soft water warning as heart deaths rise sharply

Sir George Godber

By Anne Robinson

MEDICAL OFFICERS of health throughout the country are to be advised to stop softening water supplies because of a possible connection between soft water and an increase in coronary deaths.

The warning comes from the country's chief medical officer, Sir George Godber, and follows a report published last week in The Lancet which produced fresh evidence. It said that softening a town's water supply may increase coronary deaths by as much as 17 per cent.

The report, by Dr Margaret Crawford and a team from London School of Hygiene, is drawn from a study of 11 county boroughs where the water supply has changed in character. The changes were due either to artificial softening or the introduction of new water sources.

A striking difference in male coronary death rates was found between areas that softened their water supplies and those that hardened them.

Five county boroughs hardened their supplies. And between the periods 1948 to 1954, and 1958 to 1964, heart death rates rose by 8.5 per cent—roughly the same as the rest of the country.

But average coronary deaths in areas that softened their water rose 20 per cent and in one county borough—Burton-on-Trent—the rise was 25 per cent.

Percentages in other areas which softened their water are: Bristol: 9.1; Coventry: 11.1; Derby: 18.9; South Shields: 23.4; Sunderland: 24.2

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from
to make up such
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vedes jail
itish
lidaymakers
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By John Ball

UNG Britons have forced the Foreign Office that to send two armed guard in police arriving in Sweden on

ouths, 18-year-old Ian of Burford, Oxfordshire, say they were terrified under escort from the dockside passport van and searched, kept watch by guards with guns and truncheons, allowed no exercise, out of calling for the consul, and finally thrown Sweden with no explanation with refused entry stamped in their pass

al complaint has been to the Foreign Office by Mr. Mitchell, MP for Basildon, very disgruntled by the treatment," he said. "The consul should have been and I am asking the office to arrange for the entry stamps to be put on their passports, as it affects their chances of other countries."

at 11 pm on Tuesday, that the youths were to stand aside at the barrier. They explained had £19 in sterling and £1. Robert also had a card on which he could cash or £50-worth of time. They told officials to stay for four weeks before taking a Denmark and making to Amsterdam where end their three-week "Suddenly two armed men up and we're to a waiting van," said

a cell at Gothenburg the central heat still on, although it was outside. The heat unbearable. I asked

to see the British Consul. A charge of the Passport Office at Gothenburg, police HQ, Mrs. Bersten confirmed that the youths were refused entry. "They did not appear to have sufficient means to support themselves," he said. "There was a mix-up over sailing times. One boat was missed and that is why they were kept here so long."

He agreed the refused-entry stamp could prevent the youths chances of gaining entry to other countries.

In London the Swedish Consul said: "I would be very annoyed if two of our nationals were held by British police and I was not told."

Robert's mother, Mrs June Freeman, said: "Money would have been wired direct to Sweden if the police had contacted us. I am shocked at the treatment my son received."

Acting Chief Inspector in

Paying cost of crime

A SUB-COMMITTEE of the Society of Conservative Lawyers in a report published yesterday on Reparation by the Offender proposes that in selected cases offenders should repay the victim of their crime, writes John Ball. As a reward to those who are exceptionally well behaved after conviction, their record should be wiped clean.

The sub-committee, chaired by Mr. Michael Havers, QC, MP Recorder of Norwich, says that deleting the record would prove especially valuable in cases of the once-only young offender whose career could well be dogged by a conviction.

It also suggests that where an offender is ordered to make reparation, a probation officer should not only have control over where the offender works and lives but also be able to direct the offender's financial powers which would include compulsory saving.

C H O D A

Half-way Mariner

America's unmanned Mariner 9 space probe reached the half-way point yesterday in its six-month 250-million mile, journey to Mars.

HALFWAY through the contest the younger generation were dominating the event, holding seven of the 10 leading places. Whiteley and Keene each had four points out of a possible five.

Other pairings: Hartstone-Penruce; Littlewood v Williams; Cafferty v Knox and Ludgate v Wright.

C H O D A

Two share chess lead

AT THE halfway stage of the British Chess Championships yesterday the lead was jointly held by London solicitor's clerk Andrew Whiteley and Cambridge post-graduate student Ray Keene.

In an earlier round Keene won the longest game in the post-war championships—128 moves against Holt.

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C H O D A

Arctic adventure for the Herbarts

WALLY HERBERT, the polar explorer, set off yesterday on his toughest mission to the Arctic as well as British Royalty and nobility will be invited (Princess Margaret attended the first British tournament, at Nottingham, last year.)

Max Diamond and his partner, Noshir Powell, a fiftieth Cockney, founded their society 15 months ago as an outlet for fellow equestrian stuntmen between such film epics as Cromwell and Charge of the Light Brigade. Now they see jousting as a full-time occupation, with earnings of around £6,000 in a good season.

They claim to have dug deeply into medieval records, but have made two major changes to jousting as Henry VIII knew it—preferring light steel armour and leather-and-rubber padding to the massive plate-armour which must have slowed mounts to a lumbering trot. And the tilt, on either side of which the two contestants charge towards each other, was lowered from 6ft to 4ft 6ins, so that a combat could be seen from all sides of an arena.

"But this means that the horses, going like the clappers at 25 mph, see each other too," says Mr. Diamond. "Of 80 horses we have trained so far, only 15 have accepted this test. No cruelty is involved. Accidents do happen—but to us."

This season members of the society have acquired eleven broken ribs, one broken thumb, six head and facial stitches, a fractured pelvis, and an injured spine—all suffered along the tilt or in ground combat with broadsword, battleaxe or mace.

"We have rules that disqualify a contestant for striking man or mount, rather than shield, which would be enforced by a panel of judges in any international or Olympic Games tournament," says Max Diamond. "But it is undoubtedly the element of risk that helps attract the public. We don't carry blood capsules like we do as stunt men. Any blood is likely to be real."

The broken tibia, which has put him out of action for three months, was the result of an ill-timed blow from Noshir Powell with the flat of a sword, which caught his horse on the rump and unseated him. At Battle he will appear, not as the indomitable Black Gauntlet, but as a stiffly-mounted Knight Marshal. "I'll be keeping a firm eye on Frederick of Gaywood (that's Noshir—he was born in Gaywood Street, Elephant and Castle)," he says. "But it's the crowds I want to see. Given the weather we'll be off the ground, headed for the international big time."

Court Circular

KENSINGTON PALACE, W8.

August 14, 1971.

The Duchess of Gloucester, as Patron, opened the National Rally of Boats of the Inland Waterways Association at Northampton this afternoon.

The Honourable Jane Walsh was in attendance.

Bodyguard's will

The man who acted as bodyguard to both Sir Winston Churchill and Earl Attlee when they were Prime Minister, ex-Def. Secy. William Hughes, left £12,449 in his will, published yesterday. Mr. Hughes was 69.

£25,000 winner

The weekly £25,000 Premium Bond prize, announced yesterday, was won by Bond No. 5TP 669119. The winner lives in Middlesex.

Joust the way to break your tibia and make £6,000 a year

By Michael Moynihan

SWINGING about on recently acquired crutches, Max Diamond prophesies: "Jousting is going to be the international spectator sport of the future, with eventual acceptance at the Olympic Games." Mr. Diamond, an ex-Commando and founder of the British Jousting Society, is inspecting the site of the Battle of Hastings for a three-day August Bank Holiday tournament, which is expected to attract more than 100,000 spectators.

At the tournament, British and French "knights" will meet in combat, with attendant attractions like archery, falconry, ox-roasting, and Fun Fair dodgems. "People are hungry for something different in the way of exciting spectacles—just as well as thrills," says Mr. Diamond, who had his left tibia fractured just under the knee-cap during a tournament at the Ulster Exhibition in Belfast three weeks ago.

Our first ten tournaments Britain have attracted nearly a quarter of a million spectators, thrilling to a sport that seemed to have died 400 years ago."

Studying the spectacle at Battle, Sussex, will be a group of Americans who are planning a three-month sponsored tour of the United States by Britain's 16-strong Jousting team. Tournaments in bullrings between British and Spanish "knights" are being considered in Spain, and next year it is hoped to form an International Jousting Association, linking enthusiasts in the martial arts from Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, the United States and Australia.

A site near the Tower of London has been earmarked as the venue for the first international tournament, to which the heads of state of competing countries, as well as British Royalty and nobility will be invited (Princess Margaret attended the first British tournament, at Nottingham, last year.)

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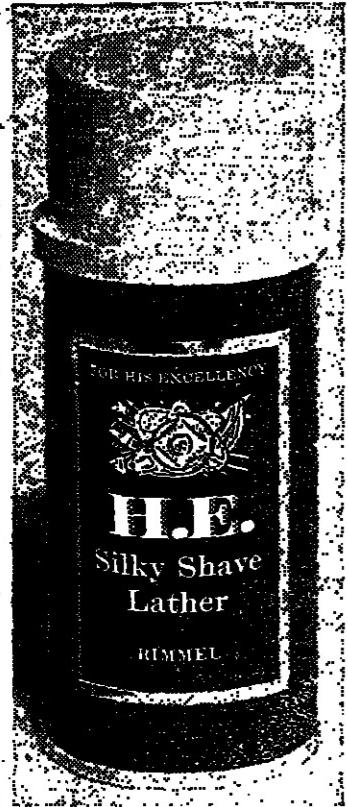
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Digging the dirt down under

By Godfrey Hodgson in London
and John Hallows in Sydney

"A BASTARD BY BIRTH, garrulous by habit, distrustful by nature, wilful by temperament, and Prime Minister by accident."

So Alan Reid, whose publishers call him the Red Fox of Australian politics, has written the third paragraph of his newly published book about John Grey Gorton, who was asked to resign from the Australian Cabinet on Thursday by William McMahon, his successor as Prime Minister since last March.

"There are many," writes John Gorton in retort, "who believe that Mr Reid has achieved a status through his own efforts which I hold through action, not by me, but by my parents."

"There is a knowing downward twist to his lips," Gordon went on about Reid in the article in last week's Sunday Australian which led Mr McMahon to ask for his resignation. "One expects a momentary smile to be nudged with a confidential elbow and given a hot tip for the 3.30 at Randwick."

This delicate exchange of courtesies between the former Prime Minister and the best-known political journalist in Australia gives something of the flavour of the row that is now devouring the Liberal Party, which—at the head of successive coalitions—has governed Australia since the days of Sir Robert Menzies. It is a row which may well cost the Liberals power at next year's national elections.

THE SEEDS OF discord were planted in Menzies' day. Sir Robert ran the Liberal Party, as indeed he ran Australia, as an autocrat. He stamped hard on any rising politician who threatened to share his limelight. When he retired he left Harold Holt as his successor. But when Holt was drowned in the surf at Christmas 1967, there was no one man to take his place in undisputed line of succession.

William McMahon seemed the heir apparent then. But John McEwen refused to serve under him. McEwen was the head of the Country Party, and the Liberal coalition could not do without its votes.

It is hard to summarise the charges in Alan Reid's The Gorton Experiment, because it is 444 pages long, often repetitious, and crammed with detail. But it is Reid's thesis that:

• Gorton was made Prime Minister by a cabal, which included Dudley Erwin, then chief Govern-

ment Whip in the House of Representatives; Malcolm Scott, the Senate Whip, Malcolm Fraser, who became Gorton's Defence Minister—and Erwin's secretary, the then 22-year-old Miss Gotti, who became Gorton's private secretary. It was Dudley Erwin who coined a classic of political portentousness when, after his own resignation, he said that the reason "is shapely, and it wiggles, and its name is Ainslie Gotti."

In power, Gorton too often listened to the advice, not of his Cabinet, but of a "cocktail Cabinet" of cronies.

• As Prime Minister he committed an embarrassing series of gaffes, including twice saying "Malaya" in a major speech when he meant "Malaysia".

• He weakened the Liberal Party and the Government by deliberately trying to get rid of as many senior Ministers as he could in various ways so that they could not challenge his position.

Gorton comments in his first Sunday Australian article that "Mr Reid's book presents political life in terms of a constant Mafia operation." He dismisses as "curious and totally unsubstantiated" Reid's account of how Erwin and Miss Gotti were supposed to have collaborated to make him Prime Minister. And he promises to give his version of many other episodes.

If Mr Gorton goes on as robustly as he has begun, the readers of the Sunday Australian are in for a treat. The Australian belongs to Rupert Murdoch, proprietor of our own News of the World and The Sun. Alan Reid is a Carrington correspondent of the Sydney Daily Telegraph, which belongs to Murdoch's rival press lord, Sir Frank Packer, who happens to be William McMahon's principal champion in the media.

Mcmahon claims as a justification for demanding Gorton's blast that he is a radical. But John McEwen refused to serve under him. McEwen was the head of the Country Party, and the Liberal coalition could not do without its votes.

It is hard to summarise the charges in Alan Reid's The Gorton Experiment, because it is 444 pages long, often repetitious, and crammed with detail. But it is Reid's thesis that:

• Gorton was made Prime Minister by a cabal, which included Dudley Erwin, then chief Govern-



Miss Gotti: shapely wiggle

who was himself, Malcolm Fraser, who helped to make him Prime Minister, burst out in exasperation before resigning that he was "not fit to hold the great office" and accused him of having "an unreasoned drive to get his own way."

But the hostility to Gorton in the Liberal Party was not entirely caused by his being himself. Under all the personal bitterness, issues of substance are involved. The party chose him because he seemed to be a safe Right-Wing compromise candidate. In power, he turned in a direction that was most welcome to the conservative Liberals.

They expected him to maintain the Menzies stance. Instead—to their horror—he set to work to centralise the Government, in open breach of Liberal federal tradition. He proposed social reforms. His foreign policy, for all its infelicities of style and detail, marked a decisive break from Liberal anti-Communism, which was in the stern unbending Dulles tradition.

Not that Gorton is a radical. But he did try to end the Liberals' out-and-out communistic attitudes. And many Liberals liked him for it. Perhaps as much as a quarter of the Parliamentary Party still takes his side.

Which is no doubt why Mr McMahon's relief at getting rid of such a tempestuous rival must be tempered with alarm. For the inventive that is now ricocheting round the ruins of Sir Robert Menzies' once-disciplined party must virtually assure a Labour victory in next year's elections.

HENRY BRANDON
in Washington

No red carpet out for Lindsay

JOHN LINDSAY'S switch to the Democratic Party was not an act of political faith, but an act of personal exasperation. As a Republican, Lindsay found Gracie Mansion, where the Mayor of New York lives, becoming a political prison instead of a political springboard. And for a man who believes confidently in a higher political destiny, this was intolerable.

As long as he remained a Republican, he had no chance of running against President Nixon; nor could he challenge Governor Rockefeller, who holds the Republican Party's reins in New York State. Now, as a Democrat, he can seek the Democratic presidential or vice-presidential nomination against Nixon, he can challenge Rockefeller in 1972 and if that fails, he could even reach out for a Senate seat. Having become a radical liberal, he is better off in the Democratic Party, especially since under Nixon's leadership, liberals have a tough time surviving in the Republican Party.

In 1965, Murray Kempson wrote that "Lindsay represents just about New York's last chance for civility." One conclusion to be drawn from Mr Lindsay's decision is that New York has missed its chance; another that Mr Lindsay in the end considered the task beyond him—a n

endeavour.

Once, in his earlier days as Prime Minister, Mintoff took a swing at an opponent, Dr Carmelo Caruana, a stocky lawyer known as The Bulldozer. Caruana is said to have taken Mintoff by the throat and beaten him with his spare fist—while someone locked the door from outside.

Mintoff lacks that underlying compassion which makes Peppeone's anger forgivable in office

he is a furious, lonely man,

fizzing and banging like a fire-cracker round the feet of the Big Powers.

Narrowly elected to power six weeks ago, Mintoff has stubbornly refused to swear-in the island's 55-member House until tomorrow, preferring the shirt-sleeved

silence of his thoughts and the

prospects of a personal political

triumph over the British govern-

ment to the rough-house of a

democratic assembly.

He has used his long breathing space shrewdly, sacking his police chief, dismissing the British governor-general and kicking upstairs a number of leaders of the powerful General Workers' Union, who might remember that Mintoff failed to give them enough support four years ago when a British Labour government wanted a further dockyard run-down.

Mintoff appears to be anti-British in the froth of his current campaign, but the judgment could be superficial. The truth

is that Malta's Labourites tend

to be more pro-British than the

opposition Nationalist party,

which favours closer middle-class

links with Italy and the Vatican.

THE FRACTIOUS temper of the

Maltese Prime Minister has a

pedigree that owes more to his

hatred of the Catholic Church

than to his contempt for the

hauteur of British colonialists.

Dominic Mintoff (Mintoff

means "to pluck") might never

have been a rebel. Born in

Malta 56 years ago, he was one of

nine children fathered by a

Royal Navy sea cook. He would

have been a priest, like his gentle

brother, had it not been for a

row over the grant that had en-

abled him to enter the Arch-

bishop's seminary. The grant was

withdrawn after the church dis-

covered that one of the Mintoffs

had married well. Dominic had

to transfer to a secular school.

The foundation of hatred had

been laid and Mintoff, embittered

by the early misfortune of his

lowly birth, built it up in breeze

blocks as he moved on from



Mintoff (alias Peppone) and Church (alias Don Camillo); combatants on a Maltese landing

NATO is leaving Malta, banished to Naples by Mr Dom Mintoff, a rough little Mediterranean politician with a taste for brinkmanship. Next week a show-down is expected over the future of the British forces on the island. This week: a profile of a man on a limb who can hear the sound of saving.

POLITICS in Malta have much in common with Giovanni Guarasci's fictional Italian village, where radicalism is defended by Peppone, the big Red mayor, and the Catholic faith kneels behind Don Camillo, the priest who can tear a pack of cards with his bare hands.

Dom Mintoff, the Maltese Prime Minister, is no Communist. His supporters call him a social democrat. His detractors, noting the personal way he has made out of post-war Maltese reconstruction, regard him as a Tory at heart.

But the island's politics do reflect some of the flavour of Peppone's village. Its buildings are plastered with old campaign posters, like world-travelled suitcases piled in the sun. Political opponents bombard each other with the wet print of virulent news sheets and there is an undertow of violence.

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The foundation of hatred had

been laid and Mintoff, embittered

by the early misfortune of his

lowly birth, built it up in breeze

blocks as he moved on from

the primaries. He will take votes

from such like-minded as Senators

McGovern, Birch Bayh and Fred

Harris. Even Senator Muskie

mustered only a forced smile,

though he has many advantages

over Lindsay, not the least being

that he quite obviously is not a

member of the Eastern establish-

ment. That species, once admired

for its leadership qualities, is now

being blamed by radicals for the

American involvement in Viet-

nam and by middle Americans

THE ULSTER EXPLOSION

Why the IRA is still there shooting ...

INSIGHT and Sunday Times specialist correspondents in Ulster, Dublin and London present a five-page special report on Northern Ireland's tragic week

A gunman, Joe Cahill, aged 21, is still in charge.

MINUTES to midnight yesterday, and five hours from the start of the internment, a man in a flat tweed jacket have been seen in a kiosk on the Royal Belfast's main thoroughfare was rather more than a cap and the cap concealed a tried to telephone, two police Special Branch constable in a car—and recognition. But, by the time his had registered with and they had pulled up sped out, the man had

man was Joe Cahill, and of massive effort by security forces he remains the full title) Chief of the Belfast Brigade Staff Provisional Wing of the publican Army. Cahill, words, is the man who the IRA "gunmen" in

He is also the man who a notable snook at the Army on Friday by holding conference under the nose to deny the British that the IRA was beaten.

The oddity of Old Park Road is that on one side live Protestants

Ulster. The two Special Branch men missed the most prestigious catch available in Belfast, but even more, they never knew the reason that Cahill was in the telephone kiosk.

He was calling to warn a friend that internment was coming. There can be no real doubt that general rumours on internment were current days before the sweep began, making it easy for suspects to make for safety. Now Cahill and his men claim that they had detailed warning some hours before the arrests began.

It was a "political leak" they said, and they claimed with unshakable conviction that as a result their command structure survived last week's events almost intact.

A couple of lesser incidents from last week give further clues to the reality which underlies Mr Brian Faulkner's claim that a famous victory was won last week. One occurred around 11.30 pm on Tuesday in Beech Park Street, a low, cramped terrace, running off Old Park Road which is kinked like a dog's leg and gives its nickname, "The Bone", to a whole district of North Belfast.

The oddity of Old Park Road is that on one side live Protestants

and on the other side Catholics. Last Tuesday night, a lone sniper was firing irregularly and with ineffective aim from the Catholic side of the street. As two of our reporters watched, a lorry roared into Beech Park Street, crowded with youths, many waving empty whiskey bottles.

It was unusually easy to identify them as Protestants. Not only were they drinking Old Bushmills whiskey, the brand favoured by Protestants. Their truck, loaded for the occasion from a wholesale butcher's, was decorated with a huge Union Jack and as they poured out and attacked the single Catholic house in the terrace they shouted: "Get out, you Taig" (Catholic)

bastards".

Motidically, they kicked the windows of the house in, and drove off. A few soldiers in the next street were busy engaging the (presumably) Catholic sniper. A pair of unarmed Belfast policemen crouched in a doorway. They had no chance to intervene.

By current Belfast standards, the lone Catholic was not hard done by. (The neighbours claim that he was as bigoted as the lad who smashed his house.) The point is that the lone Catholic was not at home: he had aban-

doned the "mixed" street before night fell, and that process was repeated over and over again throughout Belfast last week.

Perhaps the most important single consequence of the past few days' violence is that the "mixed areas", the ones where Protestants and Catholics were slowly learning to live together—have been brutally damaged, in both human and material terms.

On Page 9, Lewis Chester gives an account of the fate of the mixed community where Father Hugh Mullan died. The essence of the matter is that the ghettos of Belfast have been re-established as firmly as ever.

A third brief anecdote helps illustrate the new role into which the British Army has been thrust. Two privates, self-loading rifles at the ready, were walking along Catholic Spamount Street. "Look," said one of them, "when we came here, I should say that 80 per cent of the British soldiers were in favour of the Catholics. But now—." He shrugged contemptuously. His companion, even tenser, broke in: "And what do they think of us?"

The answer, as best we can make it out from talking to dozens of people here, is that ordinary Catholics now believe

what formerly only the radicals thought: that the British Army is an occupying force on behalf of Protestant domination. What has happened in the Province takes telling—it is necessary to give some account of the origins of the "Green" or Provisional IRA, and to unravel the political processes which led the British Government to approve the internment raids.

The best claim that can be made for the swoop is that the security forces picked up 70 per cent of the people who were on their lists. Questions about whether the lists had any relevance to the problem of violence in the Province are mostly turned aside.

The fact is that the raids, and the gunfights which followed them, were for the most part a ghastly tragicomedy, in which men were taken when their brothers were supposed to be arrested, in which law-abiding people were outraged by being dragged from their homes after midnight, and the Army was forced to claim bizarre "victories" in which, for instance, a casual young shoplifter was shot dead and taken for an IRA desperado.

There are, of course, desperate

doers in Belfast: namely, Joe Cahill and his men. But far from being damaged seriously, the Provisonalists in Belfast probably lost two officers captured and perhaps 30 volunteers—presumably untrained. At least 23, perhaps 30 people have been killed. Some few of these may be serious Provisional gunmen, but most of the dead were probably innocent of military design or guilty of no more than riotous behaviour. Some 7,000 Catholics have become refugees from Belfast, and two thousand Protestants have had to move within the city.

Some 270 men have actually been locked up. But the chief political effect has been to deplete not the ranks of violence but the ranks of militant non-violent resistance to Faulkner's regime. The other main group "inside" are old-time IRA men

"Their equivalent," said one British officer sourly, "of the British Legion."

The Catholic community, of course, has suffered a tremendous blow. Apart from the dead, the Catholics may well be exhausted for some time by the necessary labours of resolving an unprecedented refugee problem. Therefore they may be quiet.

Therefore, in a certain special Ulster sense, there has been a victory. "Internment," said Mr Faulkner, "is exposing the government. That is what I anticipated would happen. It was a remarkable statement—indeed, by their nature, are not usually supposed to express gamma. The idea is to lose them up."

But if, in a context of no real intelligence about who the gunmen are, you desire to make some powerful gesture which will evoke a violent response, then such an internment campaign makes excellent sense. (One may, of course, get a backlash much greater than bargained for.)

Yearningly, a Provisional officer was saying last week: "With just 50 trained men, we could wrap Belfast up." This was, presumably, an admission that before the sweep, their hard core was less than 50, whatever their "volunteer" attachment. But it could also represent a highly practical dream, for if a bitter quiet follows in the Catholic community, with the British Army increasingly seen as the enemy, it could entirely transform the recruiting situation for the Provisonalists.

IN THE BAR of the Imperial Hotel, Blackpool, at last year's

Tory Party Conference, Reginald Maudling was giving some informal views on Northern Irish priorities. The vital thing, he declared, was to preserve Major James Chichester-Clark as the Ulster Premier. Chichester-Clark, he said, was "straight as a die." When asked a bout Brian Faulkner, already the "strong man" of the Ulster Cabinet, Mr Maudling looked apprehensive. "Very dodgy indeed," was his verdict.

But last week, of course, Brian Faulkner was Ulster's Premier of four months' standing. And Mr Maudling authorised the desperate measure of internment in the light of an all-embracing need to preserve Faulkner, in turn, against threats from the ever-dodger Unionist Right.

The sequence illustrates the speed with which the unthinkable becomes orthodox in Ulster politics. And it is repeated in the history of the internment decision itself.

In March, Mr Maudling was prepared to explain, privately but quite emphatically, his objections to internment as a device—chiefly, that its use might polarise the situation into even greater danger. This he was prepared to repeat as late as July, and in the same month the British Army commander, General Sir Harry Tuzo, publicly expressed resistance to this "distasteful" technique.

Indeed, Whitehall civil servants maintain that until the last moment General Tuzo denied that internment was required on technical military grounds, and he advised that the Army could hold the situation without it.

What was it, then, that changed the British Government's mind? Brave words aside, there was little reason to hope that the IRA might really be wiped out. It was, at bottom, a fear that the Protestant "private armies" of Ulster were on the point or breaking loose.

Motivation for Protestant paramilitary ambition seems obvious enough: between January 1 and last Friday, August 13, 346 explosions occurred in Ulster and 11 British soldiers have now been killed there. As long ago as February, James Chichester-Clark declared that Ulster was "at war" against the Irish Republican Army, and to Protestant eyes the months between have been ones in which the Catholic enemy has been getting away with murder, both literally and ideologically.

Incidents, on even brief selection, have been prolific:

Feb. 7: Young man shot through head in Belfast and dumped from speeding car.

Feb. 9: Five men in BBC truck killed by mine in Fermanagh—probably meant for soldiers.

Feb. 29: Two policemen shot dead dispersing crowd in Catholic Ardoyne. Machine-gunner wounded, but escapes.

March 1: Military policeman continued on next page



British soldiers take cover from sniper fire last week in the Bogside district of Derry

General Appointments

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This appointment arises from the impending retirement of the Chief Executive of an important subsidiary company in a major international group. Situated in Nairobi the company holds the franchise in Kenya for a popular range of private and commercial vehicles with a growing annual turnover already approaching £3m. The Managing Director will be responsible for planning and implementing a programme of sustained growth in market share and profitability. Candidates preferably aged 35 to 45 must have all round experience of the motor distribution trade with a demonstrable record of achievement in senior management in a main dealership. The appointment is on a renewable three-year contract basis with family passages paid, free housing, car, education assistance and other benefits. There are excellent prospects for further career advancement within the group. Please write or telephone for further information. P. A. Clifton reference SA.2553.

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This is a senior appointment to supplement and strengthen the management team of a growth subsidiary of a well known multi-million British group operating internationally. He will market the company's products at home and overseas aiming at increasing market share and maximising profits. Sales turnover is well into seven figures and growing fast. He will be responsible to the General Manager for all commercial aspects of successful selling, including the development of new markets for the products: some world travel may be involved. He will control and motivate an organisation of internal and external staff of 15. Candidates' careers must clearly indicate successful marketing ability (not necessarily in the motor components field) and experience of managing an effective sales team. Commercial acumen and drive are essential. Desired age 35 to 45. Location West of England. Please write stating how each requirement is met to K. A. McIntosh reference SA.30167.

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This is a new appointment for a successful public company in the North West, market leader in its field of engineering. Profits and sales — mainly to the vehicle industries — rose by 12% or more last year and turnover now stands at £8m. Direct exports rose by a third and now account for 25% of sales. The new Director should have had general management and Board experience including accountability for profit, ideally in a medium-sized engineering concern, as he will be a candidate for the managing directorship after a forthcoming retirement. His immediate task however will be to establish the active marketing principle in what has so far been a traditional environment, promoting further growth at home and especially overseas. His marketing background should cover selling strategies for light/medium engineering products at home and in Europe, and a capacity for the expansion of technical developments. Candidates will probably be qualified engineers in their mid-twenties. Car and other usual benefits. Please write stating how each requirement is met to J. D. Jones reference SA.61004.

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Candidates (aged at least 30—or under 30 if exceptionally well qualified) must be Fellows or Associates of the B.P.S. or have a degree with 1st or 2nd class honours with psychology as a main subject, or an appropriate post-graduate degree or diploma. They must have considerable experience in experimental design, together with an understanding of analogue and digital equipment used in simulation. A familiarity with psychometric techniques and with cognitive and non-cognitive tests is desirable.

Starting salary could be above the minimum of the scale £3250 to £4400; non-contributory pension. Promotion prospects to £5620 and above.

Fuller details of this appointment may be obtained by writing to the Civil Service Commission, Alconon Link, Basingstoke, Hants., or telephoning BASINGSTOKE 29222 extension 500 or LONDON 01-639 1696 (24-hour "Ansafone" service) quoting G/7771/SA. Closing date 7th September 1971.

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THE ULSTER EXPLOSION

Why General Tuzo said 'no arrests'

continued from preceding page

killed (Land Rover hit by petrol bombs).

March 10: Three British soldiers, off duty, murdered outside Belfast.

March 25: New premier, Faulkner, announces Cabinet. Minutes later, Unionist Party HQ hit by three bombs.

April 7: Provisional IRA men march openly through Belfast to funeral of volunteer killed on training in Eire.

May 25: 20lb bomb thrown into police station. Paratrooper covers it with his body to save civilians: youths jeer as he is carried away dead.

July 13: Soldier killed in Catholic Falls Road area. Provisional IRA claim responsibility.

July 16: IRA gang rescue Stuart Fitzgerald from hospital after Army wound him in bomb incident.

July 24: Crowds set fire to Army lorry after child accidentally knocked down and killed.

There may be as much randomness about this catalogue as systematic mayhem by the IRA: at least one British adviser thinks their skills have been "grossly overestimated". Even IRA claims have been sometimes inconsistent — responsibility for the bomb that killed the paratrooper was claimed in Belfast and denied in Dublin—and in cases like the triple murder, and the Fermanagh mine, extreme Protestants may just as well be the culprits.

But the idea of a unified IRA campaign feeds simultaneously the ambition of the IRA's sympathisers and the paranoia of its opponents. And in any case the

Orange mind, once inflamed, is little affected by reality. (In farce of 1968, when the British troops were going in for a brief "friendly exercise," the Ulster Government was ascribing the troubles in large part to the work of imported Continental revolutionaries, whose traces have since been remarkably elusive.)

To this accompaniment, Protes-

tants have had to watch their ancient privileges being whittled away. Laws have been passed to suggest that Catholics might control local councils in parts where they predominate, and to banish religious discrimination from public housing and from Government contracts. This has been necessary to appease the Westminster Government which supplies the troops; but few Protestants have been convinced that full citizenship should be extended to a community whose allegiance to the whole idea of Ulster is at best equivocal.

'Blackmen' talk of private armies

The achievement of Faulkner's Government before and after his accession in March, was to get a considerable body of the reforms on to paper; that is, to the point where they had just caused maximum legislative pain to the rules of Ulster. Of course, they did not bring any immediate relief to the rulers and Catholic expectations were no doubt blunted when the "reformer" Faulkner chose to march with the Orange Order, the incarnation of Protestant overlords, in mid-July.

Faulkner chose to march with the Orange Order, the incarnation of Protestant overlords, in mid-July.

William Craig, ex-Stormont Minister, began to talk about

drawing up lists of men to serve in a renewed B Special force.

Several English Tory MPs, such as William Deedes, got to hear something of these freelance military preparations by going across to see the Boyne celebrations; they reacted with fascinated horror.

On June 24, Premier Faulkner went up to his constituency and warned his followers that they must "on no account get drawn

into any kind of 'private enterprise'." But in the County Down countryside, discussion had gone past the question of whether private forces should be raised to discipline the IRA. Argument revolved merely around the question of whether they should fight in the Queen's uniform or in civvies.

With disquiet spreading rapidly through the Tory Party, Maudling agreed to attend a joint meeting of the Defence and Home Affairs committees on July 28. He found himself facing complaints about the "pathetic" showing of the British Army in Belfast. The day before, Maudling had told the Belfast Telegraph that it was "open war" with the IRA.

Maudling was told bluntly that he was not making a convincing war leader. The meeting did not call for internment, specifically; but it made clear a demand

that the Army should be sure enough of picking up all the right people.

• Internment in the North was useless without similar action by the South.

Underlying Tuzo's argument was the knowledge that they had already been too much fair of internment by Orange hard liners. It was agreed through Belfast at the end of July that special cells were being readied for internees at Crumlin Road barracks. Few IRA leaders were

sleeping in the same bed night.

The demand for action rode all these scholarly arguments. The long-term, Heath told General Tuzo, was the phrase he used before he left Belfast to visit London on Thursday August 5. Perhaps he was thinking back to 1955, when as Minister for Home Affairs he directed operations against a much more desultory IRA which then worked entirely out of the South and eventually evaporated for want of support in the Six Counties.

Army's objections to internment

Faulkner went to London knowing that Maudling had been subjected to nearly four weeks' continuous pressure for action. His one real problem was that General Tuzo, who accompanied him, did not agree that internment was necessary. When they met Maudling and Heath, Tuzo said that in his view the Army could hold the line in the long term.

Tuzo rehearsed the Army's five long-standing objections to internment:

• It would further antagonise the Catholic population.

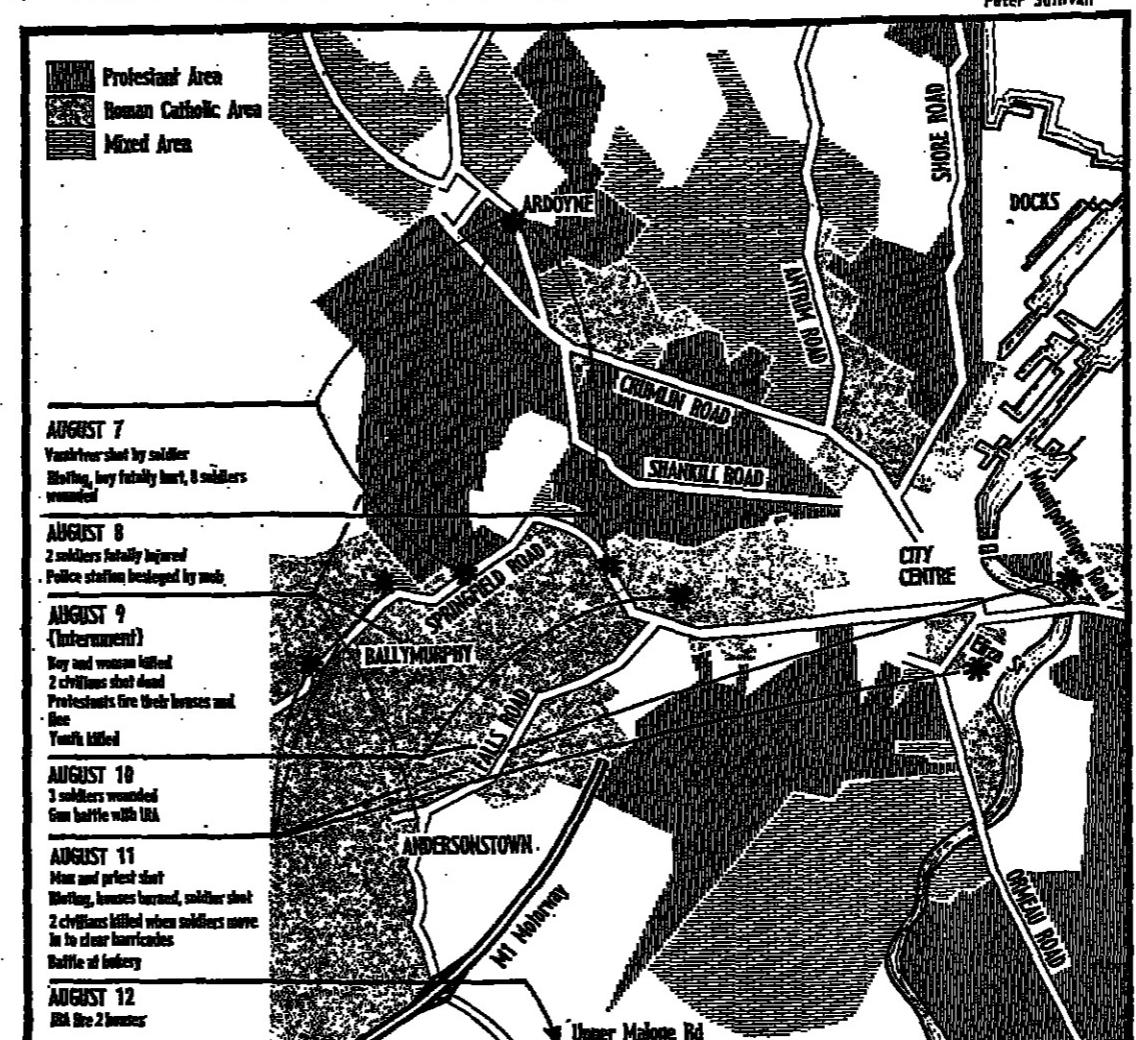
• Officers and men were happier acting within the law because they were surer how far they could go.

• Internees would be readily replaced from the South, and IRA recruiting probably improved.

• Military intelligence could not be sure enough of picking up all the right people.

• Internment in the North was useless without similar action by the South.

Underlying Tuzo's argument was the knowledge that they had already been too much fair of internment by Orange hard liners. It was agreed through Belfast at the end of July that special cells were being readied for internees at Crumlin Road barracks. Few IRA leaders were



General Appointments

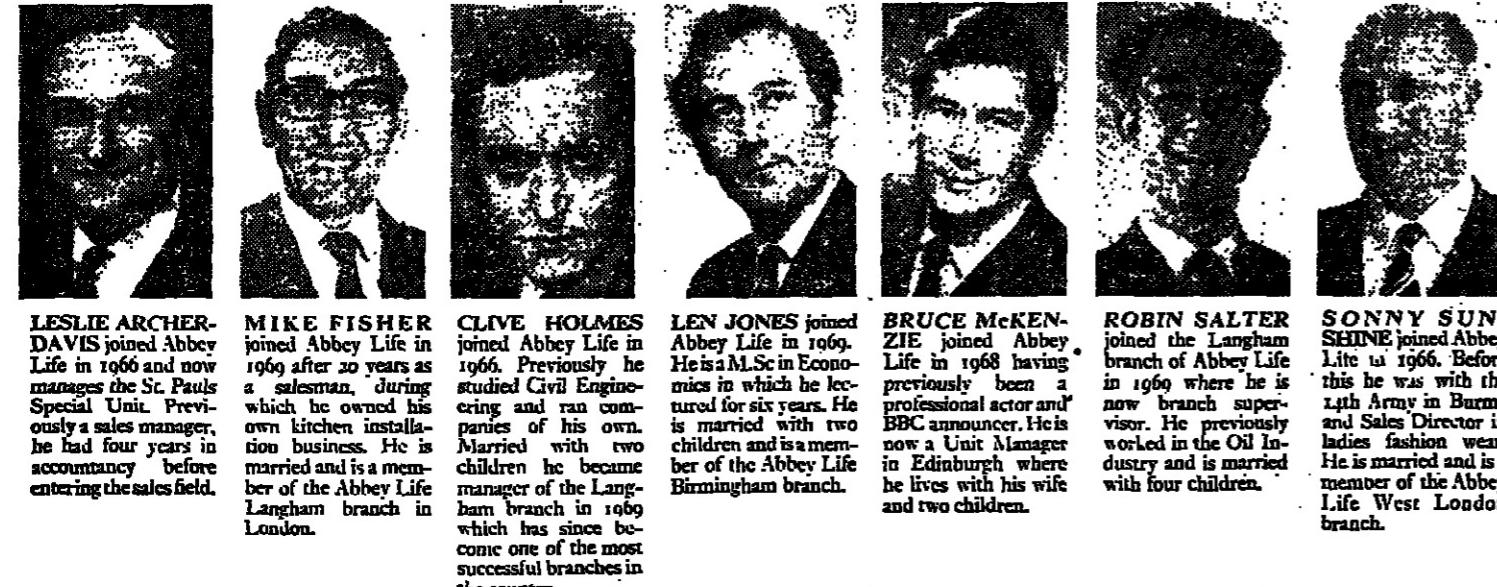
Sales and Marketing Appointments

General Appointments

Sales and Marketing Appointments

Eleven UK Life assurance salesmen went to the Million Dollar Round Table Conference in America this year.

Seven of them came from Abbey Life.



LESLIE ARCHER-DAVIS joined Abbey Life in 1966 and now manages St. Paul's Special Unit. Previously a sales manager, he had four years in accountancy before entering the sales field.

MIKE FISHER joined Abbey Life in 1969 after 20 years as a salesman, during which he owned his own kitchen installation business. He is married and is a member of the Abbey Life Langham branch in 1969 which has since become one of the most successful branches in the country.

CLIVE HOLMES joined Abbey Life in 1966. Previously, he studied Civil Engineering, and it is in which he became interested in life insurance. He is married with two children and is a member of the Abbey Life Birmingham branch.

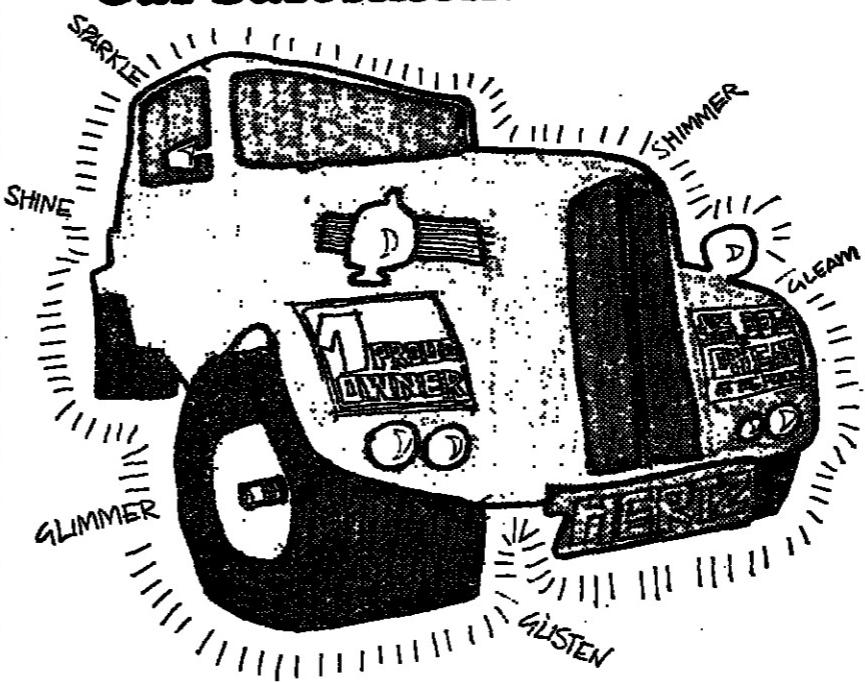
LEN JONES joined Abbey Life in 1969 having previously been a professional actor and a PR announcer. He is now a Unit Manager in the Oil Industry and is married with two children.

BRUCE McKENZIE joined the Langham branch of Abbey Life in 1968, having previously been a professional actor and a PR announcer. He is now a Unit Manager in the Oil Industry and is married with two children.

ROBIN SALTER

SONNY SUNSHINE joined the Langham branch of Abbey Life in 1966. Before this he was with the 13th Army in Burma and Sales Director in ladies fashion wear. He is married and is a member of the Abbey Life West London branch.

Car Salesmen.



Oldies but goodies from Hertz. Well did you honestly think we gave them away?

To say that our cars are well maintained would be the understatement of the year. From the moment we buy them to the day we sell them, they're showered with attention.

So, when at the tender ages of either 4, 6 or 11 months, we finally allow the retail end of the motor trade to cast a pre-emptive eye on them, the reaction is generally one of enthusiasm. Which is, quite possibly, where you come in.

Right now, we're on the lookout for car salesmen. For Scotland, the North of England and London.

Aged 20-30, they'll have at least five years experience in selling used cars. They'll know the trade and the trade will

know them. Reporting direct to the U.K. Fleet Manager they'll become part of the fast growing fleet department which already controls more than 8,000 cars.

Salary will commence at around £3,000 with excellent fringe benefits.

Write for an application form to Paul Burns at:

Hertz

Hertz Rent a Car,
279 Balmoral High
Road, London,
S.W.17.

Opportunity in Merchandising & Distribution

Our client is one of the world's largest in national companies with its headquarters in London and subsidiary companies throughout the world.

In a major diversification move it intends moving into the consumer products field, and is therefore seeking a man (or woman) to head the merchandising and distribution section in our Consumer Products Division.

The job will involve positive participation in initial planning for the introduction of products and product ranges, and, as the first stage, specific responsibility for planning developing the merchandising and distribution of these products on a worldwide scale. Since this is a new venture, the level of relevant expertise in subsidiary companies is currently low. The work will therefore entail developing appropriate systems of merchandising and distribution for these subsidiaries in operation with their local managements. Some foreign travel will be necessary, though it is based in London.

The successful candidate must be a graduate aged 27 to 35 with experience as a brand manager or merchandising manager in a leading consumer product company. He should have had experience of field management, familiar with Nielsen and other retail audits, have a good grasp of the relative merits and advantages of alternative distribution systems and be thoroughly versed in point of sale techniques and problems.

This is a senior post, and our client is looking for a person who would justify a salary of £4,000 dependent upon age and experience. Fringe benefits include an excellent contribution scheme. A car is not provided.

Please write stating how you answer the above requirements to Client MDB care of Ad Whitbread at the address below. Any comments to whom you do not wish your letter to be addressed should be specified.

Mathers Advertising Ltd

Brettenham House, Lancaster Place, WC2E 7ED

Glaxo International Limited

Product Registration

This appointment, in our Marketing Division, has responsibility for obtaining approvals of various overseas health authorities to the production of new Glaxo products. The work involves the identification of data needs, preparation and processing of health registration applications. Some travel will be necessary. Function is important and constantly offering good opportunities for career progression.

Candidates should have already gained significant experience in this field and the successful applicant will probably be a pharmacist aged around 30. Salary is negotiable and conditions of employment include the opportunity to participate in profitability and a generous pension scheme.

Please write, quoting reference SA.100 and brief relevant details, to P. A. Drew, Personnel Department, Glaxo Group I, Clarges House, 6-12 Clarges Street, W1Y 8DH.

Marketing Executive required for Caravan International Limited

This Company is the largest manufacturer of Caravans in Europe. The headquarters are situated in Saffron Walden, North Essex and the appointed Executive will be expected to live in this area.

This is a new appointment. The Marketing Executive will assist the Deputy Managing Director responsible for Planning, both in updating Plans and Objectives and by carrying out specific Marketing projects.

The successful candidate will be a University

Graduate, aged between 27-30 years. Formerly trained and experienced in Marketing. He will also be familiar with Corporate Planning.

The Company has a contributory pension scheme. Salary will be by negotiation.

Please write to us, stating current salary and how you meet our Client's requirements, quoting reference ME/31/37/ST on both envelope and letter. No information will be disclosed to our Client without permission.

Urwick, Orr & Partners Limited

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2 Carlton St, London SW1H 0EE

SALES MANAGER

Middle East & Africa

A large international company is looking for a man to manage sales in the Middle East and Africa. The company is firmly growth and profit orientated with the Head Office in the U.S.A. and a branch in London.

The successful candidate will have had

experience in selling sophisticated copiers as

well as experience of sales management through distributors. A working knowledge of the Middle East and Africa would be an advantage.

The salary will be commensurate with the responsibilities of this position.

Please apply with full career details to: P1

Recruitment Division
MAXWELL CLARKE LTD.

100 Whitechapel Road, London E1 1JB.

JOIN THE SPRAT AND MACKEREL SYNDROME

It isn't necessarily the biggest ball in the game, but it's very best.

They've come in the image advertising

Times. You wonder when you consider

that the Sunday Times has half a

million readers a week.

It's not the size of the ball that counts,

it's the quality of the ball.

It's not the size of the ball that counts,

it's the quality of the ball.

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THE ULSTER EXPLOSION

3

When Cahill took up the gun again

Continued from preceding page
 your people? Have they had any real information about you? Do you think they have any informers in your station?

On that score I don't think I can say anything. The people who have been "lifted" who have been to our movement are those who have been publicised. I believe that the British military intelligence has been collecting its intelligence on the basis of what it patrols.

I learnt this from a British intelligence officer. They house here, any house, people going in and out in a regular basis and that becomes suspect. If there is a raid in that house will immediately be. They built it up brick by brick. They are not dependent farmers. They are dependent on their patrols. Civil Defence leaders in the army, they take their note speeches made by men who are not important. They try to do a jigsaw. But all we do to be safe is changing houses. Since the number of houses fast in which we can be as increased enormously.

But surely the RUC overars have built up pretty information on you?"

We know that only once the British Army had they moved in were files of B Specials and the RUC Branch. They found, of Catholic areas very little and very few guns. These RUC reports were possibly inaccurate since there is no information concerning either side.

I know the decision was to scrub all the RUC files and build up their own intelligence. There is no question that the Army does not trust B Special intelligence.

At the same point was from the opposite direction an important British last week, who commented that the Army did not enough use of the much-needed RUC special branch.)

Cahill was born 51 years

Divis, the heart of Belfast joined the IRA in 1935, April 1942, he was with up of IRA men who shot pursuing policeman. The father of the present Chief Prevention in Belfast. One of the IRA men was Cahill served six years.

Federation of al gangs

1955, in one of his first TA jobs, he helped in the munition capture. He was in 1957, and was one last interned released in After that, he resigned the IRA and took a job as a foreman.

ill, in other words, is a IRA gunman. Apart the fact that his passions have been cooling, the new "intellectual" IRA of the sixties—more interested in marksmanship than him for him.

as the catalyst of August, which brought Cahill back IRA. That was the month the unformed Royal Constabulary, to quote Sir Richard Rose, "brought a back into Irish politics".

at those parts of Belfast Joe Cahill knew, the IRA could no longer the Catholic urge for protection. Out of that the Provisional Council of RA was formed, with McKee as Chief of Staff and Cahill as his deputy.

a treasured article of Pro-methology—necessary, to the whole supremacist y—that the IRA in both national and Official manias is indeed a true "revolutionary army". The IRA's own private military cities the inside. But especially Belfast Provisional forces

is really a federation of sporadic gangs whose for all the splashes of and idealism, has more with the Kray Brothers e Spartacus Rebellion, than this might explode the system of the old powers—but the truth is as well as anywhere by the like of the famous "war" the Provisionals and the IRA, which is still strong Falls Road area. According mythology, this is battle which explains appearance of almost any Catholic cadaver when no obvious other cause factions were actually to live together, when in 70 some Provisionals tried in an Official who was, in shooting irresponsibly British troops. Acciden-

got shot in the throat. reprisals involved various in drinking clubs around its Road, until March 4, which was the birthday of Sullivan, No. 2 in the IRA.

ity of Provisionals, led "Propaganda Chief" Card, burst in and put a gun at Sullivan's "Come outside," they said. off," said the indomitable

"Let's see if you've got to do it here."

not, but a considerate ensued in the street, another drinking club. The Provisionals in a house, and the first was scored when a tenant of the door. The Officials

briefed to discover he was

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Soldiers crouch anxiously behind an armoured vehicle during disturbances in Londonderry. But, quite unconcerned, a woman makes her way home from shopping.

one of their own local residents, and in the ensuing remorse a local priest got the leaders to patch up a truce which has lasted ever since.

What tenuous political direction the Provisionals had was removed in May, when a team of Scotland Yard men got Frankie Card and Willie McKee for having a revolver in their car. It must have seemed a notable coup when they were sent down for five years each; but according to a good deal of testimony, McKee and Card were actually restraining influences of some kind. Without them, it seems, provisional policy has moved away from more or less calculated military assaults to random shooting.

General Tuzo seems to have

realised that the British Army was not facing another army of any sort—which perhaps caused his unease about the internment device. Given the prising such men out of their natural habitat—the one thing they are not "outside agitators" there was very little chance that internment could have succeeded, in Faulkner's sense of rounding up the gunners at a stroke.

Internment, the general is

reported to have said, would just produce "even wilder men with guns." Given the inevitable Catholic reaction to the sectarian round-up, its effect has been to turn a few local gang leaders into heroes for the community at large.

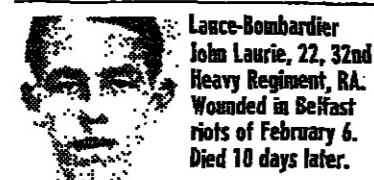
THERE COULD be no sharper contrast than that between those who escaped the internment net, and those who were caught in it.

THE MEMBERS of the 50-odd Republican Clubs of Ulster regard themselves as being in sympathy with the aims of the IRA—that is, they want to see the Six counties absorbed into a united Ireland.

The 12 British soldiers killed in Ulster this year



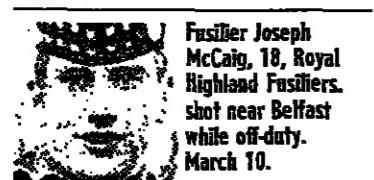
Gunner Robert Currie, 28, Royal Artillery. Killed by sniper during riots in Belfast on February 6.



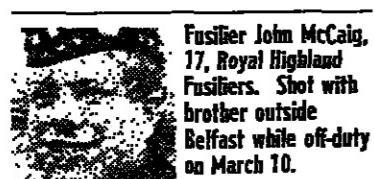
Lance-Bombardier John Laurie, 22, 32nd Heavy Regiment, RA. Wounded in Belfast riots of February 6. Died 10 days later.



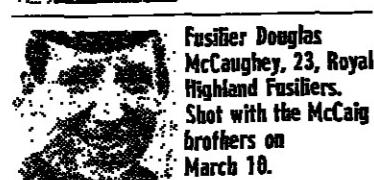
Lance-Corporal William Jolliffe, 18, Royal Military Police. Killed by IRA in Derry, March 1.



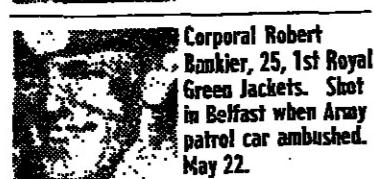
Fusilier Joseph McCaig, 18, Royal Highland Fusiliers. Shot near Belfast while off-duty. March 10.



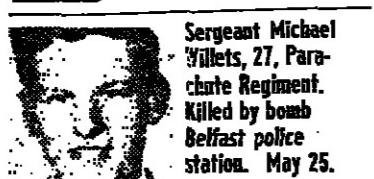
Fusilier John McCaig, 17, Royal Highland Fusiliers. Shot by brother outside Belfast while off-duty on March 10.



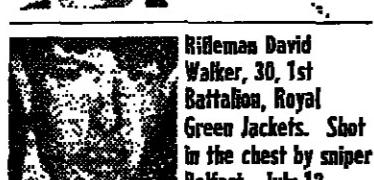
Fusilier Douglas McCaughey, 23, Royal Highland Fusiliers. Shot when McCaig brothers on March 18.



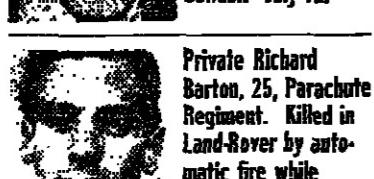
Corporal Robert Rankier, 25, 1st Royal Green Jackets. Shot in Belfast while Army patrol car ambushed. May 22.



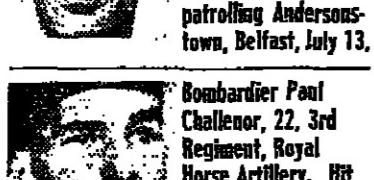
Sergeant Michael Willets, 27, Parachute Regiment. Killed by bomb at Belfast police station. July 25.



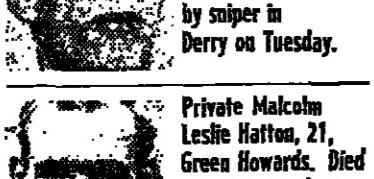
Rifleman David Walker, 30, 1st Battalion Royal Green Jackets. Shot in the chest by sniper in Belfast. July 12.



Private Richard Barton, 25, Parachute Regiment. Killed in Land-Rover by automatic fire while patrolling Andersonstown, Belfast, July 13.



Bombardier Paul Challenor, 22, 3rd Regiment Royal Horse Artillery. Hit by sniper in Belfast on Tuesday.



Private Malcolm Leslie Hutton, 21, Green Howards. Died after injuries during rioting in Ardoyne, Belfast. August 9.

ANATOMY OF THE IRA

Ardoyne, where the Provisionals are strongest, arrests were rather

you can get anything" a pro-

position which, compared with

Dr. Ian Paisley's ruminations,

might be thought a very mild

clarion.

The purpose of internment is

not, allegedly, to imprison

Catholic opponents of the regime,

but rather to immobilise IRA

terrorists so that political leaders

on both sides could get down to

serious negotiation.

Farrell is undoubtedly one of the more

important leaders on the Catholic

side, with a following amongst

Protestants as well.

The confidential tip-off to

journalists, often used in the

early days of any counter-

insurgency propaganda war, is

already beginning to rebound on

the heads of the Army and the

police, as credibility fades.

Another case in point last week

was that of Paddy McAdorey,

a 25-year-old Provisional killed

in action during the engagement in

the Ardoyne on Monday night.

McAdorey, reputed to be the

best shot in the Ardoyne, was

certainly a Provisional lieutenant.

But he was much more than that:

according to an off-the-record dis-

closure to a journalist by an un-

identified Army source: he was

the man who shot two police

men last March.

Next morning, an unidentified

police source told other journal-

ists that McAdorey was the man

who killed three Scottish soldiers

last February, but not as far as

they knew any policemen. Cornered

about this apparent conflict of

exclusive tip-offs at Brigadier

Tickell's press conference on

Friday, yet another official said:

"Perhaps both are true. He

could have done all five, you

know."

● In addition to the Insight

team, material for this report

was supplied by Peter Lennon,

Muriel Sayle, Eric Jacobs,

John Whale, Peter Pringle,

Derek Humphry and Denis

Herbstein.

BOAC Youth Adventure Holidays to North America.

"Do it now, while you're young," says Tony Blackburn.

Fly out there for less than £80.

If you're under 26, BOAC Youth Adventure

Holidays give you a chance to see more of North America than most tourists ever see—for a fraction of the cost.

You get off to a great start by flying on a scheduled BOAC flight to the USA or Canada. The fare is from just £78.40.

Then comes a choice of two ways to go. Pick the one that suits you best.

Go anywhere you want by Greyhound bus.

All you do is buy a USABUS pass.

It gives you unlimited travel across North America. And it's amazingly cheap.

For example: 3 weeks travel will cost you £41.25; 3 months will cost you £82.50.

Or go your own way in a self-drive car or Minibus.

This way you're completely independent.

Just get yourself food, petrol and oil occasionally. Everything else is included. Tents, sleeping bags, stove, crockery, cutlery, cooking utensils, radio, etc. They're all provided.

Costs vary according to time of year and how many of you there are. Average cost is around £40 each for a fortnight. But it could be as little as £24.

"Do it now, while you're young," says Tony.

"Get round to your BOAC travel agent right away. Get in on the most fantastic adventure opportunity ever!"

To BOAC P.O. Box 13, London SW1
Please send me the BOAC Youth Adventure Holiday Brochure.

Name _____

Address _____

BOAC
takes good care of you.

For some people there is only one airline.

THE ULSTER EXPLOSION

4

OPINION

INDEFINITE IMPRISONMENT without trial has become an instrument of justice within the United Kingdom. It has been used for a political end—the maintenance of the status quo in Northern Ireland; and it does not even appear to have been well used. Its aim was one-sided (no Orange extremists on the list for internment); its impact was incomplete; and its effect was deplorable (the burst of violence, the trail of refugees). The Army's long-held reservations about internment have been borne out. Although this was not the British Government's intention, British soldiers have been used to support the principle of Protestant supremacy.

It could not have been otherwise. The state they were called upon to shore up was rooted and grounded in that principle. When the Ulster Unionists settled in 1920 for an arrangement which kept only a part of Ireland linked to Britain, they made it as large a part as would be sure of providing them with an overall majority. When they saw that even among their chosen six counties there were two or more where their majority was fragile, they fiddled electoral boundaries to keep themselves in power. They packed the judiciary and intimidated juries. All this is known, attested. There may have been a time when it was still helpful to talk—as all three Governments concerned, in London, Belfast and Dublin, still insist on talking—in terms of improved Catholic participation in a system stacked against them by sheer numbers, for all the Northern Ireland Government's honourable efforts at reform. That time has gone by. If nothing else has, the fact and manner of internment has sent it flying. It is time now for the British Government to acknowledge that the fifty-year experiment of a Unionist Ulster with its own Parliament—"a Protestant Parliament and a Protestant State," in the ingenuous phrase of its first Prime Minister—has been a lamentable failure.

Is the British Government so drained of political invention that it can see no course except to hold on? Other possibilities exist, after all. Any consideration of them must start from the original evil: partition. It is not that partition itself, as an idea, was at fault. On the contrary, partition accurately reflected the central and melancholy truth which all realistic people ought by now to have learnt, if four hundred years of Irish history have not already taught it them: that in Northern Ireland, Protestants and Catholics cannot live together

THE SUNDAY TIMES

A NEW FRONTIER?

in peace. It is the way partition has been carried out that is indefensible. The 1920 division did not divide the two communities from one another: it imprisoned part of one within the territory, and the power, of the other.

The Northern Ireland Government can fairly claim to have put several measures in hand over the past two years, towards redeeming the wrongs to which this gave rise. Yet some of the changes have not yet been felt, and some are still unmade. New machinery for the fairer allocation of public housing has only just been set up: local councillors who have promised to forsake discriminatory hiring still represent gerrymandered wards: job discrimination in the private sector is virtually untouched. And even where the grievances have been alleviated, the hatreds remain.

The mainspring of Protestant behaviour is their fear of being engulfed in the far larger number of Catholics who inhabit Ireland as a whole. They would be most out of harm's way—harm suffered or inflicted—in an exclusive enclave of their own. If it contained virtually no one but Protestants, it could be no more than two-thirds the size of the present six-county area. Once its boundary was set, a term of years could be fixed during which anyone of either faith who found himself on the wrong side of the line and wished to move could be resettled and compensated. The enclave would retain its Protestant patterns of worship and behaviour and its formal links with Britain; but since its infrastructure—communications, transport, roads—would increasingly belong in an all-Ireland framework, the whole question of its parliamentary representation would need re-examining.

It would be absurd to suggest that this is the only formula for the future. But in the exhausted lull which may well now follow the storms of the past week, and after private ministerial contacts have cleared the way, it would not be beyond official wit to devise a number of feasible variants of some such plan for presentation to a full conference of all the interests involved. Unionist assent would be hard to get; but Unionists would share in the common advantages from such a settlement. If it could be achieved, the

Irish Government would win national unity without having to take total charge of unwilling Protestants: Protestants would win freedom from fear; and Northern Catholics would win freedom from Protestants. The ancient springs of terrorism in Ireland would begin to dry.

Powerful objections will of course be raised. It will be said that to consider any such changes, before law and order is restored, is to give in to the gunmen. But what will be the sign of such a restoration? And in what sense can law be said to be restored while men are still held without trial? Governments, like employers, often say they will never negotiate under duress; yet they often do, perhaps reflecting that a claim may be pressed by unjustifiable methods and still be justifiable in itself.

Then there is the claim that British public opinion is not prepared to see a group of people lose part of their British connection against their will. But opinion is at least as likely to rebel against the killing of British troops in an endless quarrel, and to become increasingly vocal for a bring-the-boys-home solution which would deny the responsibilities laid on Britain by geography and history. The British have already been able to note that affection for Britain among Ulster Protestants did not extend, until their arms were twisted, to emulating such central features of British life as a fair voting system and a civilian police force. The real value of the British connection to Unionists has been the guarantee of Protestant ascendancy.

The gravest argument, though, against any attempt to alter Northern Ireland's political basis is the argument from the Protestant backlash. Oversold in other post-colonial situations or not, the settlers' counter-revolution remains an undoubted danger. Protestant militiamen would be more plentifully armed than the IRA, and might well be better led. Yet if the prospective settlement were seen to be just, their popular support could be expected to drop away: as the last stage of Britain's direct intervention in Ireland, the British Army would still be there; and it would have no option except to dispense the same severity to Protestant terrorists as it has meted out to Catholic. The fact that Ulster Unionists might react vengefully if their excessive share of territory and influence were taken from them is no good reason for leaving them in possession of it. The crucial fact is that the Northern Ireland adventure has not worked, any more than the latest expedient for prolonging it appears to have done. Change may be difficult. The status quo has become impossible.

HOW TO MAKE IRISH STEW

TAKE IRELAND
MIX IN CATHOLICS AND
PROTESTANTS

ADD POTATO EAMINE TO
REDUCE MIXTURE

STIR IN ENGLISH
ABSENTEE LANDLORDS

BING TO SLOW BOIL

AND SIMMER FOR
FOUR CENTURIES

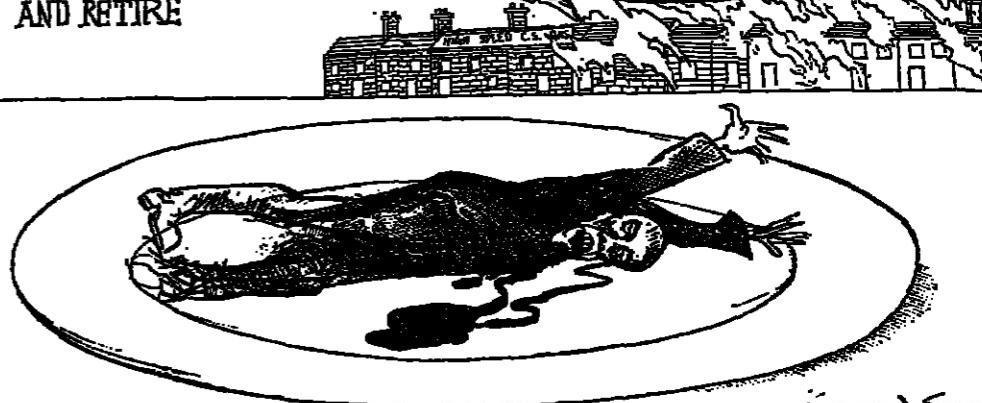
LATER—POUR IN
BRITISH ARMY

SQUEEZE CATHOLICS

ADD NAIL BOMBS AND
RUBBER BULLETS (HEAD IF PREFERRED)

COOK ON C.S. HIGH SPEED GAS

AND RETIRE



THE FINISHED DISH

Gerald Scarfe

EAST-WEST: COMING IN FROM THE COLD

FRANK GILES

ULSTER, the Admiral's Cup and the Helsinki Games are not the only happenings this August. In the Communist world, and at some of the points where that world touches the Western orbit, a number of significant developments are taking place. Though it would be artificial to try to force them all into a neat pattern, like the links of a chain, there is enough connection between some of them to suggest the still indistinct outlines of a new international order.

Among those developments are: Chinese and Soviet reactions to President Nixon's plan to visit Peking; the suddenly improved prospects for new arrangements for Berlin; Soviet pressures in the Balkans, and Mr Brezhnev's impending visit to Tito; and the new India-Soviet treaty, with the mounting risks of a head-on clash between India and Pakistan.

If a new and healthier relationship between China and the Western world is to be established, however, the West will have to accept that from now on Asia is strictly for the Asians; no more Geneva-type conferences, in which a number of non-Asian powers, including the US, France and Britain, take it upon themselves to settle, or at least to try to settle, the affairs of the countries of Indochina.

If this line of Chinese thinking is fairly easy to follow or predict, this is less true for Chou's vision of the changing roles of the US, the USSR and Japan in Asia and the world. There is no doubt of the genuineness of Chinese apprehensions about Russia and Japan, nor of the diplomatic efforts of China to disrupt or offset Russian influence elsewhere; China welcomes British adhesion to the Common Market just because she sees in an enlarged Western Europe a restraining influence on the Soviet Union and a

A reasonably clear picture of Chinese thinking is now emerging, built up from such sources as the five-hour interview which Mr James Reston of the New York Times had with Chou En-lai and the significant series of articles written for *Le Monde* from China by M. Robert Guillain, an old Far Eastern hand.

Despite the attacks against the US and "Western imperialism," which continue to come from the official Chinese propaganda machine, Chou En-lai and the inner circle of policy makers are apparently concerned above all with the threat to their northern borders from the Soviet Union and with the growth of Japan's economic and military power.

Formally, the Chinese position seems extremely rigid, whether it be on Formosa, Chinese representation at the UN, or the complete evacuation of American forces from Vietnam. So much so that Mr Nixon appears, in planning to

visit Peking, to be courting either humiliation or failure. In fact, the tone of Chou's talk with Mr Reston suggests that the President will find the going in Peking less difficult than the superficial facts promise. The Chinese, who want to break out of their isolation and above all to stop having to defend themselves on two fronts, are likely to appreciate better than anyone the importance of saving the American face as the US prepares to withdraw militarily from Vietnam.

Not surprisingly, Moscow is uneasy. It fears a possible anti-Soviet coalition and finds American objectives ambiguous. But, in trying to decide whether a Sino-American rapprochement is going to make the Soviet Union more or less difficult to live with, two things strike me as significant. First, the tone of Russian comment about the Nixon visit to Peking suggests that one of Moscow's major apprehensions is lost: the current round of negotiations between the US and the Soviet Union, on various subjects and at various levels, will be prejudiced. "This dialogue" wrote an authoritative commentator, Georgi Arbakov, in *Pravda* last week, "is very important but it is not an easy one because confidence is needed for [the problems'] successful solution." In other words, the Russians, who are no nearer than the Chinese to have two enemies instead of one, are still very interested in a detente with the US.

The second significant factor

challenge to the Moscow-Washington "duopoly" is exactly what sort of a new Pacific order Chou is going to propose to Mr. Nixon is guess-work. All he would say to Mr. Reston (at the latter's prompting) was that a non-aggression pact between the US, the Soviet Union and Japan was something a long way off, but which he and the President might talk about.

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than a quarter of a century past.

If a Berlin settlement does lead to the activation of Bonn's treaties with Moscow and with Warsaw, and the restoration of normal diplomatic and trade relations between the two Germanies and between Western Germany and Poland and the USSR, the result can hardly fail to be beneficial in human as well as economic terms. If it also leads to a European security conference for which the Russians have so long been pressing, and that conference leads in turn to balanced force reductions in Europe, including the withdrawal of a certain number of American forces, that also will only be anticipating the inevitable: does anyone seriously think that the American administration to be elected or returned to power in next year's elections will want or be able to keep American forces in Europe at their present strength?

The same anxieties that lead the Russians to consolidate their position in Eastern Europe must also be the reason for their present Balkan manoeuvres, political and military. Here the pattern seems to be not only to strengthen Comecon (the Eastern European Common Market) and hold out the prospect of a joint convertible currency as well as economic terms. If it also leads to a European security conference for which the Russians have so long been pressing, and that conference leads in turn to balanced force reductions in Europe, including the withdrawal of a certain number of American forces, that also will only be anticipating the inevitable: does anyone seriously think that the American administration to be elected or returned to power in next year's elections will want or be able to keep American forces in Europe at their present strength?

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month to Belgrade is obviously connected with the (real or supposed) embryo of a Rumanian-Albanian-Yugoslav "Chinese" bloc. The present situation gives rise, as the doctors say, to some concern, especially to Rumania. But I cannot see much comparison between August 1968, when the Russians marched into Czechoslovakia, a monstrosity later justified by the Brezhnev doctrine of limited national sovereignty, and the situation today, whatever new order, or adaptation of the old, may be in the making in Eastern Europe, it is most unlikely, it seems to me, that the Russians will seek to achieve it by forceful repression.

The picture that thus far emerges is, on the whole, a relatively cheering one. Even if the precise outlines of a new international system both in the West and the East are difficult to see, the general trend seems to be towards negotiation rather than war, accommodation rather than challenge. But there is one, potentially alarming, exception to this general impression. It is to be found on the Indo-Pakistan borders, where old enmities have been fanned to fresh heat by the East Pakistan situation. Moscow's new treaty with India can in this context be seen (if one is an optimist) as a useful warning to Pakistan and her Chinese ally not to start anything or (if one is a pessimist) as a girding-up for a struggle in which the two great Communist Powers could find themselves face to face. Which ever turns out to be the true trend, it is possible that here, at the head of the Bay of Bengal rather than in the Middle East or the Balkans or even the Crimlun Road, lies the flash-point, the new area of instability. What happens in this area could still vitiate the prospects, now beginning to become hazily visible, for what might turn out to be a brave, or at the very least a safer, new world.

At 7.20 we were driven out by the noise and went to sit on the only bench on the dock, in the shadow of the ship in which we'd just arrived. We were dressed for the tropical heat of Menorca, with the warmer threads in the car, which was still in the hold. Things might have been jollier on Wigan Pier on Christmas morning.

Half an hour later there was still no sign of Joanna, but some men were gathering round the stern of the ship. The genial dockers, limbering up for work and in no hurry to begin, with the breakfast methylated spirit still sparkling inside them.

They started unloading the cargo from the after-hold, with ours securely buried in the forward one. It came off eventually at 9.20, when we were almost too stiff with cold to get into it. Still no hostess, but we set off for her house near San Luis, knowing that she had been raped, arrested or had returned to London.

We turned into the lane leading to the house. Like all Menorcan lanes it was three inches wider than the car and lined on both sides with unbroken stone walls. He showed it again in his own sash when, after the students' demos, he had his models wearing protest marchers' headbands. He shows it in his love affair with the Hollywood Forties and his affection for the tarts of wartime Paris. There's nothing wrong with this. It's just not couture.

The Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Francaise (roughly speaking, its governing body) defines couture as "not only the art of sewing but the art of inventing, assembling, creating everything that goes to clothe a woman." On its highest level, the couture is inventive; on its lowest it is a luxurious service for private clients.

These clients are diminishing, but as long as Society exists, and despite our classlessness, they do, these women must wear its uniform. Saint Laurent, at his best one of the most inventive of designers, may have retired from championship play. But the match goes on.

MANANA IN MAD MENORCA

PATRICK CAMPBELL

WHEN WE DOCKED in Mahon, Menorca, there was no sign of our hostess, but it wasn't surprising because owing to a following wind all night the boat was early.

Nevertheless, we were among the first ashore, because she was sure to be there at any moment. A surprisingly chilly wind was blowing, so we went into a dockside cafe. It was filled with dockers, throwing back some colourless but obviously fiery liquid and bawling at one another with the utmost geniality. It was 7.15 am.

At 7.20 we were driven out by the noise and went to sit on the only bench on the dock, in the shadow of the ship in which we'd just arrived. We were dressed for the tropical heat of Menorca, with the warmer threads in the car, which was still in the hold. Things might have been jollier on Wigan Pier on Christmas morning.

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I swung briskly into the lane again, re-traversed the quarter of a mile, turned the corner and found eleven black and white cows approaching at an even pace. In the rear, a mad old man in a broken straw hat seemed to be in charge of them. He, and the cows, however, came plodding on until eventually the two leaders reached the bonnet of the car.

Our hostess apologised for not being at the port, said shyly, "thought it Tuesday."

Why does anybody leave home?

NO KILLING THE COUTURE

ERNESTINE CARTER



Yves Saint Laurent and models in Bond Street

THE HAUTE COUTURE of Paris is no longer an impregnable bastion. To those who have been waiting for the walls to fall, Yves Saint Laurent's announcement last week that he is deserting the Couture for ready-to-wear sounds like the trumpets at Jericho. People have been killing off Paris for years, seven to be exact. But if Paris did not exist, it would be necessary to invent it. Paris exists as a centre of Couture because fashion needs a centre—not just to give buyers a junket, not just to give journalists headlines or manufacturers a lead, but as a shop window for the proliferation of marvellous craftsmen that have gathered there: the makers of buttons, bows, belts and buckles, the embroiderers, the creators of fabulous fabrics.

Paris survives, at present precariously, because it is the unique capital of fashion. Ideas increasingly often generate somewhere else—here, in Italy or in the USA, but it is Paris that gives them the stamp of approval. Why else did Ossie Clark, star of the King's Road, want to do a Paris collection?

Fashion mirrors the times. It is confused because the times

are confused. The two greatest changes in fashion were, historians say, brought about by two revolutions: the Puritan Revolution in 1642 and the French Revolution in 1789. We, too, have been through a revolution, though less bloody. Ours is sociological and technological. The old social hierarchies have vanished. We have a classless society, and in a classless society there is no one to assert a lead. We can all do our own thing. We can dress up as squaws, Eskimos, gypsies, Harlequin, Globe Trotters, milkmaids, farmhands; we can dress in second-hand

THE ULSTER EXPLOSION



A general view of Father Mullan, who was shot as he gave the Last Rites to a wounded man in Springfield Park, Belfast.

DEATH OF A PRIEST

Lewis Chester on what the shooting of Fr. Mullan means

gressiveness to the road's self-image.

But what Springfield Park thought of itself had, even by the time Father Mullan arrived, ceased to be relevant. Its collective fate was already being determined by factors beyond its control. Public accommodation of the "over-spill" from the Falls and Shankill had pursued them into what was once Belfast's "green belt". To the west there was the extension of Ballymurphy, the New Barnsley Estate, solid Catholic. To the east, starting at the ridge overlooking Father Mullan's house, there was the even more recent Springmartin Estate, solid Protestant.

On Monday, after the internment process started, these massive sectarian power blocs were lured into confrontation across Springfield Park. It began with a mid-morning chorus from the boys of Protestant Springmartin singing: "Where's Your Daddy Gone?" Shortly after, the first rocks came down from the flats on the ridge. There was no retaliation; Father Mullan who was in the Park all day saw to that.

He rang the police and the military. No police came but the military rerouted an armoured car through Springmartin and the stone throwing eased off. It was to be the last concrete evidence of a "military presence" Springfield Park, after all, was only a tiny sector of the area being held down by less than a hundred British "paras."

They had 20,000 people in their charge, most of them bolling with rage.

After lunch the logic of escalation took over. The stone throwing and jeering started again. At 4 pm Father Mullan climbed the ridge and attempted to pacify the youth of Springmartin.

He tried to explain that Springfield Park was no match for them—it did not have enough teenagers to raise a football team much less a serviceable mob. There were over a hundred children in the Park aged less than 12 years old; these were the kind of people who would get hurt if the bombardment continued. His thesis was obscured by cries

of "Fennian bastard" and "Get lost Taig."

It was the last phase of passive resistance. While Father Mullan returned to his telephone to try to get some kind of official protection, word got back to the boys in Ballymurphy that Springmartin was "under attack".

By 7 o'clock there were several hundred Catholic reinforcements storming through Springfield's well-tended privet and returning rock for rock. Father Mullan's role as a pacifier was no longer of any use. He could only pick up the pieces.

Shortly after 8 o'clock the first shot rang out. The consensus among both Catholics and Protestants in the road was that it came from the Protestant-held ridge. But nobody could be absolutely sure. For some of the incoming Catholics had guns and were loosing them off before darting back into Ballymurphy to take up position for longer range sniping.

As soon as the shots started many families at the top of Springfield Park decided that evacuation of their children was an urgent necessity. They headed instinctively for the community centre in Ballymurphy. To get there they had to cross the field in front of Father Mullan's house. This was precisely the exit route taken by the armed reinforcements from Ballymurphy.

But even in sectarian shootouts there is apparently a code. It was still not quite dark and as women and children or men with infants in their arms crossed the field the shooting died down. Only men on their own were at risk.

The code unfortunately did not cater for the special circumstances of Springfield. There were more children at the top of the road than there were able-bodied men to carry them.

Some of the men, therefore, had to run a ferry service which meant that they had to go back across the field without the immunity of a child in arms.

Around 8.30 pm a Catholic youth, aged 19, went back to pick up another child and was shot. He fell directly in front of Father Mullan's house. Today, he could not give it away.

Somebody called for a priest and Father Mullan set off across the grass with a white handkerchief raised.

Could he have been mistaken for a runaway gunman? It seems possible but improbable. He was shot twice, once through the leg and once through the heart: by high-velocity bullets.

The young man he went to survived but, like many of those caught up in the conflict, he does not want his name revealed for fear of reprisals. But he did describe the experience on Irish radio. He had no doubt that the sniper was conscious of his target:

"I lay there, and somebody saw I had been hit and said they would get a stretcher and that a priest would come to anoint me. He asked me if I minded going to the hospital and I said No."

"They knew the priest was giving me the Last Rites, and when he went to phone for an ambulance he was shot down. They could see clearly he was a priest."

He thought that Father Mullan was shot by a British soldier. One of Father Mullan's neighbours, who had a pair of field-glasses trained on the roofs of the Springmartin flats just before the incident, says that he saw two armed men up there with "military-style" uniforms. But he could not swear whether they were British soldiers or members of some para-military outfit.

The Special Branch is now investigating the denunciation of the bullets that killed Father Mullan: were they Protestant or Catholic or perhaps even military. It is a problem that needs to be resolved, but what killed Father Mullan is already all too clear.

He and the other six victims of that night in Springfield Park—the total roster was two dead and five wounded—had wandered into no-man's land. The ultimate mistake of the Springfield residents was that they thought they could preserve an oasis of tolerance while all those around were taking up sides.

It seems that few will make that mistake again. By Thursday of last week, the day of Father Mullan's funeral, over half the houses in Springfield Park had been abandoned with the mortgages still to pay off. Two days before the shooting, Father Mullan's next door neighbour got a valuation of £4,000 for his house. Today, he could not give it away.

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LETTERS

TO THE EDITOR

10 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1

Obscenity or hypocrisy?

Editorial indignation at "Insomniac of the Oz" (last week) reflects a sense of values and I applaud the sensible court. It represents a practical attempt by the young people of my town to mental assault vicious than physical

harmless, ordinary liberals like me into declaring where we part company with this society, of which we tend to be well-behaved and undistinguished members.

(Mrs) Sarah Frankish
London W4

AFTER THE Oz proceedings and verdict it might be pertinent to suggest that not only prisoners, but also judges, prison officers and court officials might submit themselves for medical and psychiatric reports to indicate their suitability for the process involved.

Eric Robinson
Wolverhampton

PETER PRINGLE, in his efforts to show that pornography has little effect upon character (Spectrum, last week), draws heavily upon the American Presidential Commission's Report and says: "It is difficult to see how anyone can discount the report without attacking the honesty of the workers involved."

In order to assess objectively the findings of this Commission—whose report was rejected not only by the President himself but by an overwhelming majority of the Senate—your readers may care to hear the opinion of Professor Victor Cline, Head of the Department of Psychology at Utah University and one of those whose views were included in a dissenting opinion on the report.

Professor Cline has publicly accused the Commission of "gross and serious dereliction of duty" in not making available to the public or scientific community the findings of various research projects financed by the Commission. This research found that, for instance, 55 per cent of the convicted rapists interviewed were "excited to sexual relations by pornography" while 39 per cent of the sex offenders interviewed indicated that "pornography had something to do with their committing the offences they were convicted of."

Peter Pringle asks if it is not time for the "effects of permissiveness" to begin to show. One would have thought they were only too obviously apparent in the recent VD and abortion figures.

Mary Whitehouse
Kidderminster

PETER PRINGLE states that American sociologists have proved that pornography does not harm children. But sociology never has been a science, even though it contains smatterings of mathematics. Those of us who maintain that pornography is likely to be harmful to some children, basing this view on a combination of experience, common sense and intuition, are no less scientific than those sociologists who state otherwise. The truth is that the matter is incapable of being either proved or disproved.

(Dr) M H Pappworth
London NW3

In defence of Byrd

I CANNOT tell you how disgusted I was to read the attempt to vilify the memory of the world-famous aviator and leader of polar expeditions, Richard Byrd (Spectrum, last week).

It is one thing to say that in Byrd's flight to the North Pole he was genuinely misled (as he well might have been in view of the undeveloped state of air navigation in 1928) into believing that he had reached the Pole when in fact he was not absolutely over it. It is quite another to accuse him of a deliberate fraud, as Bernt Balchen now apparently does, on the basis of an alleged death-bed confession by Floyd Bennett, who had received a Congressional gold medal as Byrd's co-pilot.

The fact is that Byrd submitted the log of his North Pole flight through the Secretary of the Navy to the National Geographic Society. And their committee of navigation experts, having examined all the details, declared

John Grierson
Guernsey

Not even a whimper

From the Keeper of Ethnography, British Museum

I WOULD like to assure your sympathetic Insight reporters (last week) that as far as I am aware, no explosion or other sound such as is indicated in the headline Bang Goes an Ivory Tusk in the British Museum's Hot-air Explosion, ever took place. Indeed, none of us here can remember any known case of an ivory giving off spontaneous sound.

The small (44-inch) tusk concerned was removed from exhibition not because of any sudden deterioration in its condition, but because the time was thought opportune to review it under laboratory conditions in the light of observations carried out on this piece over the past few years. Finally, the tusk is still very much in one piece.

The temperature of room 14 in which this exhibition (Divine Kingship in Africa) is installed does admittedly tend towards the sub-tropical at times, but it is inspected daily by our conservation officers, like other rooms in the building, so that we shall have ample warning of the development of any threat to the specimens.

I should like to assure the general public that their long-term interest in the preservation of the national treasures would always take precedence over the more ephemeral needs of a particular exhibition.

William Fagg
London W1

Chastity?

I WAS amazed to read (last week) that we in this country are manufacturing and exporting "safety devices" called chastity belts. Surely these devices constitute a threat to the health and liberty of the individual, and ought properly to be the concern of an international body such as the World Health Organisation, or perhaps the Anti-Slavery Society.

(Mrs) Muriel Street
Machynlleth

● Correspondents are asked to give a daytime telephone number where possible.
● Letters on personality tests, page 36.

Michael Bateman is on holiday
Atticus apologises

However, there are eight busts inside our building, in niches high up in the octagonal Central Hall, about which there is still a query. Seven of them (Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Raphael, Titian, Wren, Reynolds and Flaxman) are readily identifiable, but who is the eighth (pictured here)? I have puzzled over this for years and asked many a scholar but to no avail. Whose achievements would the Academicians of the 1860s have wished to commemorate in this way?

Sidney C Hutchison
London W1

BRIDGET RILEY'S exhibition of paintings is now running at London's Hayward Gallery. has proved too much for the security guards there. After long exposure to Bridget's primary colours and optical illusions some of them complained of splitting headaches and asked to be issued with dark glasses. Bridget isn't too sympathetic. "They must be joking," she said.

THE STORY quoted last week giving the alleged reason why the Queen never goes to Cowes is one of those old sea tales which over the years gets exaggerated in the telling; so exaggerated that Uffa Fox tells us that the Queen has never visited his home in Cowes and that he finds the story offensive. Mr Fox is, of course, a good friend of the Royal Family and Atticus apologises.

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ROB WALKERS

CONNOISSEURS JENSEN !

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KEN 11 ON ROUGH MORRIS 1000 of negligible value. ETO. Tel.: 01-748 1989 (July). JENSEN F.F. Finished in regal red, light beige interior, trim and leather seats, £1,200. Total cost of the marque £200 spent in last 6 months. Hill 8.00 s.h.d. Tel.: 01-604 3861.

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At the end of a triumphant tour, VIVIAN JENKINS pays tribute to the wonderful 1971 Lions

SPORT**These Lions are the greatest**

'King' Barry John: at tour's end a bottle of pop

IT IS all over! The 1971 Lions, under the captaincy of John Dawes, have shown themselves to be the finest touring Rugby team, on results, that has ever left the British Isles, and every good Rugby man left in London, and from places farther afield, should be at Heathrow to greet them when they touch down at 9.30 tomorrow night.

They have indeed broken all records from a match-winning point of view. They have won 22 of their 24 matches in New Zealand, beating every provincial side in the process. They have won the Test series by two matches to one, with one draw. One of their number, the remarkable Barry John, has set up a points-scoring record for any touring player in New Zealand, with a total of 128. Another member of the side, Bob Hiller, has passed the previous best of 100 points set by the Springbok Gerry Brand, as far back as 1937.

Hiller's contribution, compiled in only 10 matches, has been 102 points. Thus he completes a unique double. In 1968 he scored 104 points in only eight matches on the Lions tour of South Africa. He has scored over 100 points on each of the two tours without playing in a Test.

An achievement indeed, and no player, whether he has taken part in the Tests or not, has proved himself a finer tourist. Indeed, Doug Smith, the Lions manager, paid public tribute to him to this effect after the match against Bay of Plenty at Tauranga last Tuesday, when Hiller reached his 100 points.

It used to be a well-worn joke, where Kiwi-landers gather, that the best side ever to leave New Zealand was the 1937 Springboks. That mantle must now, however, be taken on by the Lions of 1971. Their final record—omitting the ill-timed diversion to Australia—was: played 24, won 22, lost 1, drawn 1, points for 555, points against 204. They beat every provincial side they played against, and the loss and the draw were against New Zealand in the Tests.

The 1937 Springboks played fewer matches, 17, and only one Test, of which they won two and lost one. They came to the last Test level, and won it 17-6. Their full record was: played 17, won 16, lost 1, points for 411, against 104.

No one can say how any team of the past would

have fared against one of today, but Colin Meads is in no doubt about the calibre of the current Lions. In his speech at the after-match function following yesterday's final Test, he said: "I am sure no other touring team to come to New Zealand will ever achieve what this Lions team has done."

That the touring side should have won through will redound to the everlasting credit of the top triumvirate, manager Doug Smith, coach Carwyn James—I refuse to call him assistant manager—and John Dawes a captain supreme.

Doug Smith, with his constant assertions that his team was a great one, has kept the players' morale at a high pitch throughout; and his after-match speeches have always been just right. Carwyn James's coaching has set entirely new standards in this complicated art.

Dawes has made a nonsense of the theory that a Welshman could not captain the side, and all the talk of "splits" between the players of various nationalities has been proved so much rubbish.

Frank Landini, the Scottish hooker and great trouper, replied when I asked him whether he had enjoyed himself more on this tour than on his previous ones in New Zealand in 1966: "The great thing this time is that we have been able to hold our heads up. That makes all the difference."

The great men of the tour, I suppose, have been Barry John, a wonderful laughing troubadour of a player, Mike Gibson, John Williams, Gerald Davies and that gaunt rock of a man from Ireland—with laughter in him, too—Willie John McBride. "What a wonderful way to end my touring days," he told me last night, and I know how deeply he meant it. On three previous tours he had really suffered. This for him was Transfiguration Day.

Many others have played full parts in the tour. I wish I had space to tell of them all. But if the strength of a side is its weakest link, this side was blessed indeed. A typical example of their strength in depth was when Barry Hodges came on as substitute for Gareth Edwards in the first Test and had lot to do with the victory.

Individually and collectively these Lions will be able to say even more that they went on the tour which transformed the face of British rugby.

Witch-doctor Doug Smith got it magically right

DR DOUG SMITH, the Lions' Manager, should be known as the "Witch Doctor" after this draw in the fourth and final Test in Auckland, writes Vivian Jenkins.

Many moons ago, before his team even left Eastbourne last May, he predicted that they would win the series in New Zealand 2-1 with one match drawn. Since then, though, the Lions had gone into a 14-11 lead, thanks most immediately to a fantastic, crowd-stopping dropped goal by full-back John Williams.

He was as his players came off the field after this battling and bruising match. It was not a Rugby classic by any means—it was far too hard and tensely-fought for that—but a draw, with the All Blacks getting a goal, two penalty goals and a try to the Lion's goal, two penalty goals and a dropped goal was a just result.

Both teams won equal honours from a contest which was mainly confined to the forwards, and where backs intruded at their peril. It was symbolic of the match that Gordon Brown, the

big Scottish lock, had to have 14 stitches inserted in a gash in his leg after the game, and five stitches in a cut over his right eye.

He had to leave the field 20 minutes from the end after playing another wonderful game, and was replaced by the equally big Welshman, Delme Thomas. By then, though, the Lions had gone into a 14-11 lead, thanks most immediately to a fantastic, crowd-stopping dropped goal by full-back John Williams.

With some sporadic Lions passing going on between the All Blacks' 35 and halfway, the ball went back to Williams just beyond the 10-yard line, and he let fly with a soaring drop-kick that sailed on and on, until it cleared the bar with what looked like 30 or 40 feet to spare. A sensational effort indeed, and Williams could not have picked a better moment to drop his first goal in an international match.

Afterwards there were only sporadic instances of "dirt" from one of which the Lions, I am happy to say, acquired a much-needed three points. Brian

New Zealand ... 14 pts

British Isles ... 14 pts

favour, were going to win, but there had been a long period in the first half when the All Blacks, equally, had looked likely to come out on top. They started off with a fearsome rush, as though Siberia at the very least wanted them if they failed.

The early line-outs were no place at all for any peace-loving member of the community, and first Gareth Edwards, bowled over like a cork, and then Brown, stopping a punch which might have come all the way from the Bowery, were laid low.

That led in turn to an all-out counter-attack by the Lions, and that saluted on and on, until it cleared the bar with what looked like 30 or 40 feet to spare. A sensational effort indeed, and Williams could not have picked a better moment to drop his first goal in an international match.

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Muller, the 18st All Blacks prop, blatantly booted a recumbent Lion on the far side of a ruck, and Mr Pring, who has contributed much to the series, was quick to spot it and apply the necessary retribution. Barry John kicked the penalty goal from 40 yards, and the Lions, instead of being level at 8-8, were 11-8 ahead.

Muller had been throwing his weight around most of the afternoon, and his captain, selectors and every New Zealander in the capacity crowd of 56,000 must have cursed him for his inane lapse.

The All Blacks, in that hectic, whirlwind first quarter of an hour, went to an 8-0 lead.

Only five minutes after the start—Colin Meads had elected to play downwind with the sun behind him—some snappy handling by the All Blacks backs saw Cotrell dash over the near the posts for Mains to convert. Eight minutes

were going to win, but there had been a long period in the first half when the All Blacks, equally, had looked likely to come out on top. They started off with a fearsome rush, as though Siberia at the very least wanted them if they failed.

The early line-outs were no place at all for any peace-loving member of the community, and first Gareth Edwards, bowled over like a cork, and then Brown, stopping a punch which might have come all the way from the Bowery, were laid low.

That led in turn to an all-out

counter-attack by the Lions, and that saluted on and on, until it cleared the bar with what looked like 30 or 40 feet to spare. A sensational effort indeed, and Williams could not have picked a better moment to drop his first goal in an international match.

Afterwards there were only

sporadic instances of "dirt" from one of which the Lions, I am happy to say, acquired a much-needed three points. Brian

later Mains succeeded again, with a 35-yard penalty straight on after Edwards had put the ball in crooked at a scrum.

Things looked bad for the Lions. They were being fussed by line errors, and the All Blacks were going great guns. Also John missed the easiest of penalties, from 20 yards, near the posts, when he tried a toe-kick with the ball sloping away from him almost flat on the ground, instead of using his normal instep method. It was the first time on the tour he had changed, and it seemed the wildest of times to experience.

His explanation afterwards was: "The wind was blowing diagonally across me from left to right, and I didn't think I would be able to curve the ball in from the left-hand side of the field if I used my normal instep kick. I used a toe-kick against France in Paris last year in similar conditions, and it was my best effort of the match."

Be that as it may, his lapse caused consternation in the Lions camp, and much surprise. Not to

worry—before half-time he had kicked a compensatory penalty from 35 yards, far out towards the touchline, and converted a try by Peter Dixon to make it 8-8. Dixon battled his way through from the fringes of a ruck a couple of yards from the All Blacks line after Edwards had nearly reached it with a burst from the end of a line-out.

In the second half, John kicked his second penalty goal, this time from 40 yards after Muller had offended; Lister dropped over from a line-out for a try, unconverted, for New Zealand (11-11). Williams kicked his gargantuan dropped goal (14-11) and finally Mains, in the 37th minute of the half, kicked an equalising penalty goal from 28 yards.

His explanation afterwards was: "The wind was blowing diagonally across me from left to right, and I didn't think I would be able to curve the ball in from the left-hand side of the field if I used my normal instep kick. I used a toe-kick against France in Paris last year in similar conditions, and it was my best effort of the match."

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piccadilly: moral fibre golf and...

GOLF

Henry Longhurst

WRITER on sport or, come to that, er subject has been in his bonnet, long as he admits it, there is nothing wrong in that. My own in golf, on I have been pontificating without or about 40 years, are tolerably well known to our regular customers.

At the top of the list I think I should say slow play, by which a day's golf usually become accepted as one round of two, taking anything up to four hours. Americans five and a half. Also the list comes the lunacy of being thinking that a set of clubs is 14, of what it was earlier days, namely when you cared to carry, generally eight, the number with which Harry won his last Open Championship. Turn led to huge uncarriable bags full to little parameciums on which them round and then in America, the final absurdity in all sport, little carts in which to wheel round not clubs but the players as well.

which buzzes almost equally loudly in bonnet is match play, at the very of which by comparison with these able "round and round and round tournaments the senses tend to I must not tilt too much at our friends. Both they and we are entitled to play our games as we in this particular question they are on their side, while we have illogical hidebound preference. The golfer goes out for a day's golf hat score he can "shoot". If there to be five in the party, over here old almost certainly split up into two. Over there they would all round together, each holing out at and counting his score, and cheering six hours in the process.

is, as I say, is perfectly logical. If partner in a fourball—itself perhaps of all forms of golf—happen our tee shot dead at a short hole, really no point in my playing since mainly not going to hole out in one. There is every point in my play I am going to fit it in on my later hand it dutifully in for the of the handicapping committee.ember so well a letter quoted by distributed somewhere around the turn

of the century from the then President of the US Golf Association urging golfers to remember that it was essentially a stroke play game, never mind what the British might say to the contrary, and so it has remained.

For the very best players, professionals whose living depends on results, there has always been a natural prejudice against knock-out match play, especially if unseeded. No Goliath likes to risk a knock-out from a single freak round by some David never to be heard of again, though it is remarkable how often the Goliaths used to get through. Walter Hagen won the US PGA Championship when it was knock-out match play five times and from 1924 onwards four times in a row. Gene Sarazen won more matches than anyone else, 51 against Hagen's 40. In winning the Amateur Championship on both sides of the Atlantic in successive years, 1934 and 1935, Lawson Little won no fewer than 32 matches without defeat, and all but four of them over 18 holes.

The popularity of the Piccadilly event at Wentworth is in my opinion almost solely due to its being match play, with the knowledge that the loser packs his bag and goes home, having to admit that he was beaten by so and so. If he finishes fourth in the Open, he says: "I was fourth," upon which his friends congratulate him. He does not say: "I was beaten by Smith, Jones and Robinson."

My own experience in a slightly less elevated sphere convinces me that match play requires a much higher form of moral fibre than stroke play. I never found any great difficulty in weaving a sort of cocoon of concentration around myself in medal play—apart from a period after I inadvertently tipped my car over three times on returning from the Midland Championship. Delayed consciousness set me back in the art of golfing concentration for two or three years and it is an interesting reflection, at any rate to me, that I had only had one of these much publicised seat belts I should almost certainly have now been dead for 45 years.

On one historic occasion at Wentworth, Gary Player, seven down to Tony Lema with 17 to play, overheard one of our readers, who later gallantly confessed and revealed his identity, observing that there was no point in watching this particular match any further. This really set him going and he overtook poor Lema, upon whom the trees seemed to close in as though he were playing down a tunnel, at the 37th. Could it seriously be suggested that Lema would have dropped seven strokes in 17 holes if it had not been a match? The essence of the great play-off for this year's US Open between Trevino and Nicklaus was that it was an individual heavyweight contest, bound in the end to finish with a knock-out.

The point to which I have been so long in leading up is that in both countries we are returning if not to match play, at least to an enjoyable compromise, namely knock-out match play decided not by holes up and down but by the number of strokes taken. With television playing so large a part in golfing promotion knock-out match play is a dead loss, since you might in theory have a whole day with not a single match going past the 15th. The present compromise does at least retain the man-to-man, "loser to pack his bag and go home" essence of match play. This was the formula for the minor Piccadilly event at Southend-on-Sea.

I defy anyone not to admit to a certain thrill on reading for instance, how Alliss, all square with Coles coming to the last green and with Coles only 10ft away in two, holed all across the green to beat his man by one stroke. How different from merely observing among a long list of names that Alliss happened to be lying one stroke ahead of, among others, Coles! I need hardly add that there is nothing personal in this and the point would have been just the same if it had been Coles who holed the vast putt to send Alliss home.

Now the Americans have also seen the light and are to restore the old PGA match play championship with 64 entrants knocking each other out by this stroke play method. If it is a success, as I devoutly trust it will be, our own PGA could do worse than accept last week's Piccadilly tournament as their own match play championship which many people thought the best tournament of the year and which only recently expired for want of a sponsor.



Peter Oosterhuis lines up a putt in his final against the Ryder Cup captain, Eric Brown

...who overcame

by Dudley Doust

Oosterhuis' two iron tee shot well placed, hit a fast mid-iron, far short of the green. Oosterhuis surprised byacking into the gutter. He then hit a full pitch off the green. The ball, while Brown's pitch got inside his opponent, both players missed their par putt.

It is all grist for the order of merit mill from which the Ryder Cup side will be selected for this week's Benson & Hedges tournament in York, officially the top listed six British and Irish players will be in but, unofficially, I understand the top nine will be chosen.

The order of merit, with players discarding their poorest tournament finishes through the season, fluctuates crazily at this time of year. For instance, Hugh Boyle tenth before the post, shot last week at St. Andrews, nonetheless, while Oosterhuis struggled constantly to finally land level with his rival and 73 strokes.

His one grim lapse occurred on the seventh hole, a par three of 201 yards, where both players hit drives into a gale. Hail and rain halved play for five minutes before Brown three putted to one shot behind. Thereafter, while Oosterhuis played orthodox golf, Brown kept strokes off from the green on a near by getting down in two half dozen occasions.

Brown squandered one chance to gain the lead by missing a five-foot putt on the 17th green.

Although it was running with the wind, the 17th is probably the down's most difficult hole. It trends northwards for 448 yards through very rough and overgrown gullies.

RYDER CUP STAKES
(Players finished, including tie, in 1971 tournaments)

	Times 1st	Times 2nd	Times 3rd or 4th	Times 5th to 8th	Times in top 8
NEIL COLES (1)	4	1 ^a	1	0	6
PETER OOSTERHUIS (2)	1 ^a	2 ^a	3	0	6
BRIAN BARRETT (3)	1 ^a	2 ^a	3	0	6
ROGER DODD (4)	1 ^a	2 ^a	3	0	6
PETER TOWNSEND (6)	1 ^a	2 ^a	3	0	6
HARRY BARNHAM (7)	1 ^a	2 ^a	3	0	6
RONNIE WATSON (8)	1 ^a	2 ^a	3	0	6
HUGH BOYLE (10)	1 ^a	2 ^a	3	0	6
JOHN GARDNER (11)	1 ^a	2 ^a	3	0	6
TOMMY MORTON (12)	1 ^a	2 ^a	3	0	6
ERIC BROWN (36)	1 ^a	2 ^a	3	0	6

*Not including yesterday's 1st or 2nd in the Piccadilly event.

Figures in brackets indicate position in Order of Merit before Piccadilly.

FOR RACING

E. TECHNICALLY, it is Jackie Ickx or Peterson could win the championship title from Stewart, not one seriously hot, with four rounds to go cannot score the five needed to guarantee

Odds stacked for Stewart

by Julian Mounter

there was an air of on in most pits at Zeltweg the Austrian grand prix and the only question minds was would it be the championship is to d or must we wait for an, Canadian or American

can be little doubt that, Tyrrell-Ford performs as it has in the last three Stewart will manage a second place that is

But can the car reliable yet again? It is unusual for a driver to

igh seven world champion rounds without a

mechanical failure and there are plenty of pessimists who will tell you that eight rounds in a row will not be seen today.

They have had some front suspension troubles with the Tyrrell in the past 48 hours, and one engine gear out in practice on Friday. But Ken Tyrrell, who has the reputation of being the most thorough manager in the business, looked relaxed and confident under a blazing hot sun that turned the tarmac into treacle yesterday afternoon.

What one can be sure of is that the two Ferraris of Ickx and

Regazzoni will be challenging as hard here as ever this season; jointly their drivers hold the Formula 1 lap record for the 3.67 miles—1min 40.4sec—having set it while taking first and second places in the event last year.

With only two cars to look after instead of the usual three, the mechanics in the Ferrari pit seem less pushed to make the adjustments that the drivers want and, if the 312 B2 is ever going to be reliable again this year, I would expect it to happen. For the Italian Grand Prix next month, Ferrari hope to have a revised car with what is reported to be the most powerful engine imaginable for this size, developing around 500 bhp.

Leading positions in the world championship points: 1. J. Stewart, 51; 2. J. Ickx, 19; 3. R. Peterson, 17; 4. M. Andretti, F. Cevert and C. Regazzoni, all with 12.

BOWLS

Beer's victory brew

by Lance Michaels

BANBURY CHESTNUTS held off an exciting challenge from Mid-Surrey to reach the final of the English Bowling Association triples championship. They won 21-14, clinching their semi-final on an extra end.

Hero of the morning was Fred Beer, Banbury's 42-year-old skip, who turned defeat into victory with a superb last wood. He nudged away mid-Surrey's scoring wood, leaving three of his own nearest the jack.

Beer, and his partners John Headwood and Bob Boscott, now take on the Midway trio of Arthur Plessey, Ian Harvey and John Lewis in the final.

TRIPLES—3rd Rd.: Shanklin

ANGLING

FISHERMAN'S ROW at the game fair held recently at Stowe, Buckinghamshire, was a little tweedy, as you might expect, though a coarse fishing competition was held on one of the ornamental lakes there. Big salmon and trout had a plump weight on the PA system announced that Peter Anderson, world champion salmon fly distance caster and at Stowe, killed and demonstrated his skills on the pool, had so far taken 73 salmon this year.

Lucky Anderson. Because from most reports the 1971 salmon season, now better than two-thirds through, looks like being a very bad one indeed. No statistics are available yet, but there are plenty of signs to read. For instance, this month's Irish Salmon and Game magazine, reporting on commercial fishing interests in the Republic, reports very low catches along the west coast where there is considerable drift netting in Irish territorial waters.

It is harder to get a clear picture from sport fishermen in Britain, but

Salmon in the doldrums

by Nicholas Evans

major Scottish rivers once again had their now customary catastrophic spring fishing. One odd result of the salmon crisis is that the spate-stream, the small rivers, of the highest quality salmon waters in Wales and Ireland which depend on summer floods for their run of fish, and which have a great deal less status than major waters like the Tweed or the Blackwater, have now become much more desirable.

Though the virulence of salmon disease seems to be lessening some rivers are still badly affected—the River Tees, for example, and one of Britain's finest salmon anglers, tells me that he continued to rent a stretch in the hope that things would improve in the next few years. He hardly bothers to go fishing now.

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EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIPS

Cliff Temple reports

Jenkins looks to Munich

ALAN PASCOE, the British men's team captain, easily qualified for today's final of the 100 metres hurdles at the European championships here yesterday, finishing second in the semi-final to Frank Siebeck of East Germany.

With the man Pascoe races as his chief rival, Guy Drut of France, having fallen in his heat on Friday and not qualified, the path has been eased for Pascoe to at least repeat his 1969 success of a bronze medal.

Certainly yesterday he did not look as shaky as in his heat, and today, will be seeking to wipe out the memory of last July's Commonwealth Games when he injured a foot in the final and had to drop out when in contention for the title.

His heat had been held up for ten minutes by the apparently unexpected finish of the 50 kilometres walk, which caused officials to move all the hurdles out of two of the lanes each time a walker entered the stadium.

Four times the hurdles prepared to go to their marks found a walker entered the stadium to the ironic cheers of the crowd, and the barriers had to be moved again. One of the rare examples of the programme tying itself into a knot, and on an afternoon during which there had been nothing else taking place on the track.

It has, of course, been a week of mixed fortunes for Britain: The disappointment of Dave Bedford's unrewarded gallantry; the positive running of Carter and Browne in the 800 metres; the nightmare of Alan Llewellyn's three foul efforts in the long jump qualifying round; and the disbelieving pleasure of Barbara Unken, who conquered not just her rivals and the high jump bar, but also, at last, herself.

But the week's supreme British success came on Friday night. The 400 metres victory of Edinburgh's David Jenkins was a combination of a superb thinking mind in a superbly fit body, and the maximum amount of shared confidence between Jenkins and his coach, John Anderson.

When Jenkins was shown the draw for the final, which gave him the unfavoured outside lane, he barely reacted. Fine. "It'll be a fast, lonely race. I'll go hard."

THE FIRST DECISIVE step in what was to become a difficult struggle to recover Irish show jumping to the first division will be taken this week when the Irish Horse Breeders' Association publishes a comprehensive register of mares and their non-thoroughbred progeny.

The register will at last make possible to trace the blood lines in Irish show jumping, even though it will be too late to retrieve some of the lines that have undoubtedly been lost through the absence of coherent cataloguing.

The register is a welcome step in the right direction but it is a very small one. Whereas we once bestrade the world of show jumping like a colossus, we are now an amateurish third division side. This unpleasant truth was mercilessly hammered home in the abysmal failure of our representatives in the international events at the RDS Show.

Now that something positive is being done to organise proper breeding and stud lines a programme of organised training for horses and riders must be initiated. Above all, some means must be

through 200 metres, harder through 300 metres, then kick." So it proved. His half way time of 21.1 seconds, recorded electronically, was not only slightly faster than he had hoped, but also equalled his personal best for 200 metres. It was as fast as any British athlete has run this season.

The true significance of his victory may not be seen for a year or so. At Munich, Jenkins, because of his record of victories in the championships, indeed, the season, Jenkins and Anderson have had a complete understanding of what would be needed to win.

There was no relying on inspiration. Jenkins' victory here was just the start, not the high spot of his international career.

He is a unique athlete: a tall, highly-strung 19-year-old, whose eyes dart around as he talks to you, as though some monster is going to jump out at him. But if it did, you feel he would have a plan to deal with it.

Anderson says: "Before we came out here, I went round to David's house to work out an activity schedule. He wanted a complete table of how long to spend the time this week. I said 'I don't know down what you think you should do. Half-an-hour Go for a walk at such and such a time, and so on.'

It is all part of Anderson's withdrawal plan, to fade out and leave Jenkins with a total confidence in himself to handle any situation. "I'm not one of those coaches who keeps his athletes tied down because he wants to feel needed. The athlete is alone on the track, and teaching him independence is every bit as important as the purely physical coaching."

He could hardly have a better pupil. A liberal approach to a highly intelligent athlete. An athlete wanting to be the best in the world, rather than having it simply wanted for him.

Men

10 METRES HURDLES Semi-final
(First four named in each qualifying for final) — First semi-final: 1. L. Naschitz (Austria); 2. J. V. Vastainen (Finland); 3. A. Moshkovskiy (Russia); 4. J. Vastainen (Finland); 5. G. Drut (France); 6. S. Siebeck (East Germany); 7. D. Jenkins (Britain); 8. A. Pascoe (Britain); 9. J. Anderson (Britain); 10. J. W. Frank (USA).

DISCUS (qualifiers for final) — Group A: 1. L. Naschitz (Austria); 2. J. Vastainen (Finland); 3. A. Moshkovskiy (Russia); 4. J. Vastainen (Finland); 5. G. Drut (France); 6. S. Siebeck (East Germany); 7. D. Wiesnerman (West Germany); 8. J. Anderson (Britain); 9. J. W. Frank (USA); 10. J. Schmid (Poland); 11. G. C. Smith (Great Britain).

TRIPLE JUMP (qualifiers for final) — Group A: 1. J. Vastainen (Finland); 2. D. Jenkins (Britain); 3. G. Drut (France); 4. S. Siebeck (East Germany); 5. J. Anderson (Britain); 6. J. W. Frank (USA); 7. G. C. Smith (Great Britain).

SO KILOMETRES WALK: 1. V. Soldatenko (Russia); 2. R. Myrsky (Finland); 3. R. Hallin (Finland); 4. F. Aron (Russia); 5. J. Schmidt (Poland); 6. G. C. Smith (Great Britain); 7. S. W. Rotnicki (USA); 8. J. W. Frank (USA).

100 METRES HURDLES Semi-final
(First four named in each qualifying for final) — First semi-final: 1. L. Naschitz (Austria); 2. J. Vastainen (Finland); 3. A. Moshkovskiy (Russia); 4. J. Vastainen (Finland); 5. G. Drut (France); 6. S. Siebeck (East Germany); 7. D. Jenkins (Britain); 8. A. Pascoe (Britain); 9. J. Anderson (Britain); 10. J. W. Frank (USA).

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TRIPLE JUMP</b

Lese-majesty—Bobby Moore has the last laugh

BOBBY MOORE has long since reached the stage at which he need feel only contempt for that crenelated element which jeers his every appearance away from Upton Park. At any rate one hopes that this is precisely how he does regard the yobs who chant the kind of insult which go far beyond the barracking fairly included in the admission money: insults they would not dare throw away from the safety of the terraces.

Some of these people were at East End Park on the night West Ham beat 2-1 in a challenge match and if Moore contrived to ignore them, he should know that there were many of us embarrassed on his behalf.

We were slightly consoled by the knowledge that Moore must be accustomed to the morons by now. They flourish also in the North of

England. There, the chief motivation is simple jealousy, not so much of Moore's success but of the outward manifestations of his success: his modelling, his advertising contracts, his somewhat rarefied social status.

So far as the Scottish equivalent is concerned, Moore may like to remember that several hundred fans were chanting their parodies with fine enthusiasm on the way to Wembley Stadium last May. And that they were rather less noisy on the way back.

IT has not been Eddie Turnbull long to isolate what is probably the most important failing of Hibs. He was saying the other day that they would have to develop a harder outlook to the game.

There is not a Hibs fan in Edinburgh who will disagree. For almost a decade now, Hibs have played pleasant football and have won

FOOTBALL: THE NEW SEASON

nought. They have been much admired by the purists, but there are not enough purists to go round these days.

Too often, matches that could and should have been won were allowed to drift out of reach. Infuriating football teams have taken countless points from Easter Road and even the most discerning of fans have found that

This is not to say that Hibs have lacked players able to take care of themselves, and certainly Eddie Turnbull does not aim to solve the problem either by drafting in hard men or by persuading the present staff to take no prisoners. The softness of

Hibs is, and has been, mental rather than physical. It is a matter of outlook. They always want to win, of course they do, but do they want to win badly enough?

Turnbull must get rid of his team's tendency to shrug off a mistake as just one of those things. Compunction must give way to self-criticism, perhaps even to a controlled anger.

One characteristic common to Celtic and Rangers over the years has been a teeth-clenching determination. At Ibrox and at Parkhead, players are apt to treat defeat as a personal slight, an attitude which need have nothing to do with poor sportsmanship.

More recently Aberdeen have emerged as winners as distinct from losers—and in this context we are not necessarily talking about tangible like trophies and flags. Eddie Turnbull did that for Aberdeen. Few men are better equipped to do it for Hibs.

Whether he can succeed without new players remains to be seen. I still think he needs a couple in front and one in deep defence. But there is no denying the wealth of talent he already has at his disposal, and he would be among the first to acknowledge that a prime test of managerial quality is the ability to exploit resources to the full. This is a test he has already passed at Pittodrie, but that does not really signify now.

He has said that Hibs must learn to dominate the opposition from the start. It is an admirable, if ambitious,

objective. Its achievement will be good for Scottish football as well as for Hibs, and I do not suppose it will do Turnbull any harm either.

OPTIMISTICALLY, the Scottish FA advertises for a team manager. There will be plenty of applications, most of which will not be taken seriously. For some unfathomable reason there are always plenty of applications for almost any management job in football. I fear the SFA selectors will gain little from the advertisement, apart from the satisfaction of having contributed to the income of a few newspapers. They will probably find that nobody of the specified calibre will commit himself in a written application, and that would mean more discreet approaches by invitation. But time will have been wasted, and time is assuredly not on Scotland's side.

John Lindsay

Celtic superiority should end rows

Celtic 2 **Rangers** 0
by John Lindsay

RANGERS will long contend that the goal which finally destroyed their chances yesterday was illegal at best, and downright felonious at worst. It did indeed look as if Hibs might have won the game only balanced when Murdoch swing over a free-kick awarded against Willie Johnston for showing undue exasperation with Jimmy Johnstone, who headed the ball just past the penalty spot.

But no argument should be permitted to alter the fact that Celtic's second-half superiority made this a fairly well deserved victory.

The formidable presence of Bobby Murdoch and the incomparable dribbling of Jimmy Johnstone practically guaranteed Celtic would assume a quick advantage in the matter of stringing passes together.

Murdoch has not yet lost as much weight as he would doubtless like to do. Now he has regained the ability to place long shrewd passes exactly where they can do most good—or harm, depending on one's outlook.

Thus Celtic in the first half looked the more attractive team. Hines, Lennox and Dalglish bore main responsibility for the striking role, while Johnstone's coming just behind the front line caused plenty of trouble, alternating with a bravery that matched his ball control.

Willie Johnston, linking up with Dalglish in the first line, had to work hard, and carefully as he chased the ball upfield from Greg and McDonald.

It was Johnston who was in the right place to cause Billy McNeill maximum embarrassment after the Celtic captain, in the very first minute, pushed a sloppy pass back to Willies. The goalkeeper smothered the ball with nothing at all to spare.

Both defences, though soon settled down and we missed the excitement around goal that we expect from these two teams, Hines and a fine header very well saved, and Dalglish contributed some acrobatic Rangers on the

Referee: W. Mullin (Dumbell).

Liverpool get off on the right foot

Liverpool 3 **Nottingham Forest** 1

by John Clarke

LIVERPOOL'S manager, Bill Shankly, promised a more colourful and attack-minded team for the new season. To back him up his side had grabbed two goals soon after the start with Paul Keegan and Alan Hansen. In the second half Liverpool went on to dominate the game, the 18-year-old Keegan playing a small part in his side's victory.

The ex-Sleaford player showed speed, control and a maturity to suggest he has created a first team place for himself with his new club.

Within 12 minutes the menacing Liverpool surge brought a goal from Paul Keegan, who presented them with the chance when he dashed fatally near the by-line, allowing Thompson to rob him and turn an inside pass to Toshack. The Liverpool leader slid a pass into the jaws of the Forest and where Keegan scored again with a header over the line from close range.

Four minutes later Keegan had a hand in Liverpool's second goal. He picked up a through ball from Toshack, the Liverpool leader said off a pace run with a shot when he was sent sprawling, the pacey Keegan racing to the spot from which Liverpool skipper Smith gave Forest goalkeeper Barron no earthly chance of saving.

Completely against the run of play Forest pulled back a goal in

the second penalty incident of the match. Just after Chapman had tested Liverpool's goalkeeper Clemence in Forest's first real attack of the game, Martin suddenly found himself with a clear shot. Clemence was left with no alternative but to put the ball forward down. Moore beat the Liverpool goalkeeper all ends up with his spot kick.

Liverpool hit back in a bid to

establish their hold on the game, Barnes showed a pair of hands which excellent goalkeeping from the ever-dangerous Hetherington.

Just before half-time Forest began to show their undisplaced spirit and Woodfield all but matched the equaliser, getting up well to meet a header from Chapman, only to put his header too high.

Brown's come-back was shortlived. Nine minutes into the second half a powerfully struck shot by Smith was deflected beyond Barron into the corner net to regain the lead for his side.

Toshack seemed to have made

things even blacker for Forest until

the referee disallowed the Liverpool leader's goal in the 57th minute, presumably for a foul by Keegan.

Liverpool were now exerting

their superiority to the full and the Liverpudlian Clegg popped up fire

in a tremendous shot which

was the mighty Barron, showing

bravery and agility, who began

to stand almost alone above

Liverpool and a flood of goals.

CHRISTOPHER MOTTRAM, a 16-year-old Wimbledon schoolboy, became the youngest winner of the men's singles title in the British Under-21 lawn tennis championships in Manchester yesterday. Mottram, the national under-16 grass court champion, dealt ruthlessly with his 18-year-old Surrey colleague, Mike Dunn (Ewell), winning 6-0, 6-0, 6-2 in 80 minutes.

The final had to be played on a hard court because of the weather and Collins game was far from suited to these conditions. Thirteen games had gone by before Collins, the reigning British junior champion, got on the mark. When he did, he won two in succession, including a love game against service. A devastating spell of hitting brought Mottram the first 13 games, in which he conceded only 26 points. He won the last five games for the loss of only six points.

PETER WILLIAMS, a 30-year-old motor-cycle engineer, from Andover, Hampshire, was the 350 cc class in the Ulster Grand Prix over the Donegal circuit at Ballymoney. Williams, riding an East German MZ had an average speed of 88.31 mph; in second place was West German Dieter Braun (Yamaha), at 87.46 mph; and Londoner Tony Jefferies (Yamaha) was third on 87.18 mph.

Mr. George Firth (a dentist, 46) of Mottram (Surrey) beat M. W. Collins (Surrey), 6-3, 6-2, 6-1. Miss G. L. Colins (Middlesex), 6-1, 6-0, 6-1. Miss Dorothy Firth, 1-6, 6-1, 6-1. Mrs. J. J. Curran (Worcester), 6-3, 6-2, 6-1. Miss J. W. Farrow (Bexhill and Hastings), 6-3, 6-1, 6-1. Miss J. A. Farrow (Devon), 6-3, 6-1.

Beusy tells us, "We're a comprehensive of the psychological aspects of race await it, crouched



From the left, number ... 9 is Chelsea's Osgood, who with Baldwin, has the measure of Kelly

Gunners shoot hard and often

Arsenal 3
Chelsea 0

by Brian Glanville

this time by Kelly, from the left, outside the danger area.

Arsenal's goal came hard on the heels of this. Radford took one of his long, muscular throws from the left, Graham, on one of his days of grace, jumped up to the near post to back-head it across goal. The ball eventually cleared the intervening heads, to be nodded in without much difficulty by McLintock.

Such are the changing fortunes and the ironies of football, however, that McLintock, in the very next minute, almost gave away an equalising goal. Misjudging a lob in the insidious wind, he allowed Osgood to run through alone, on Wilson. But Wilson's positioning was flawless and he caught Osgood's shot without difficulty or trouble.

Altogether more difficult and spectacular was Bonetti's marvelous save from Radford, in the

34th minute. It followed another of those sweeping, swift, ingenious moves with which Arsenal were stretching Chelsea's defence and Chelsea themselves could not match Kennedy, that cool young head, set Armstrong free. Armstrong went away down the right like a greyhound, crossing to the near post, where Radford, under extreme pressure, did very well to get his shot in. Bonetti did still better to turn it round the post.

Twenty-one minutes into a second half, which till then had been somewhat banal, Kennedy put Arsenal two ahead with a remarkable goal. It came quite out of the blue. Radford played down a long, high ball through the middle to Kennedy. The inside-left calmly chested it down and at once, from almost 30 yards, struck a low, tremendous left-footer which separated Bonetti's dive from the goalpost. Certainly the goalkeeper must have been taken by surprise, but it was nonetheless a memorable goal.

With 10 minutes left, Arsenal once more made a goal out of nothing. This time, Graham played the ball up to Radford who, surrounded by a Chelsea bodyguard, eluded them by spinning round like a possessed top, to place his left foot shot again between Bonetti and the post.

Spurs did not deserve to lead, but after 40 minutes they did, and the goal came in a predictable way. Shaw crossed from the left and Donati, with a header, went for the ball. For a second it seemed to be in Jennings' hands but it fell loose—via some part of the air—into the net.

Spurs' mid-field grip was almost complete. Munro prevented them from turning this advantage into goals by marking Chiwera well. Chiwera twisted to go past him and failed—loud cheers from the Wolves supporters.

Wolves' best first-half attempts came in the air. Gould, although getting little chance out of England, with six inches of space, was impeded by Wagstaff's free-kick that amount over the bar. The inches again worked against Gould this time when he was a yard away from Wagstaff's centre.

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Spurs scrape a point

Wolverhampton W 2 **Tottenham Hotspur** 2

by Deryk Brown

TOTTENHAM, playing with more desperation than skill, grabbed a point at Molineux with goals in the 50th and 84th minutes. At the last gasp they all but scored a third in extra time, fluctuating match that saw its climax.

Coates, playing his first League game for Tottenham, was quickly back on the attack. He was playing half as a third striker with Wilson and Armstrong, and he was soon a Motherwell defence that seemed to have forgotten about each other's existence during the summer break.

After these hints of excitement the match relapsed and there was plenty of time to view the huge gaps on the terraces, even on the opening day of the season.

But Motherwell settled, and by

using Goldthorpe as a midfield pivot, they began to move forward cautiously. The wing half, in fact, was only inches away from heading Campbell cross into the net to make a nonsense of the earlier play.

He will, of course, want a lot more pleasure and triumph after his modest but at least this perfectionist made a start with a competent League Cup win against Motherwell.

There are those who see the strongest challenge to the established rule in Scottish football coming from Hibs. This is a particular compliment to the new man in the manager's chair at Easter Road.

Mr Turnbull has inherited a side of considerable talent, yet team totally unable to sustain it for a start. In half cleared, Hibs corner was hit furiously against the bar by full-back Brownie. As the ball rebounded, centre-forward Baker interrupted Hazel in the act of shooting—and the danger passed.

Soon afterwards, Baker missed a chance of his own as his head came up and his foot sliced a Stevenson cross wide of the goal. Hibs' all-conquering attack against a Motherwell defence that seemed to have forgotten about each other's existence during the summer break.

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using Goldthorpe as a midfield pivot, they began to move forward cautiously. The wing half, in fact, was only inches away from heading Campbell cross into the net

PEOPLE

Unguilty American

THERE IS no wing further right than the one upon which Mr William Buckley, Jr., editor of superb *The National Review*, balances with superb aplomb. A step more, and you go plummetting down into the kind of intellectual maelstrom inhabited by those who are convinced that the Pope is an agent of Mao Tse Tung. Mr Buckley would offer the Pope no such reproach—although he has gone on record as saying, "Pope Paul VI continues to disappoint a number of people" (include me in).

He is a 45-year-old New England Catholic who is the contrary of your uncouth American Right-winger. He is not the closed mind which tenses with tribal hatred at the name of another ideology, nor is he one of your savage clowns who want to put the torch to anyone they fear might be trying to dislodge them from their pauper possessions. For one thing, Mr Buckley's possessions are not so pauper; he is a millionaire. For another, far from inflicting him with intellectual paralysis words like Communism evoke from him a disciplined stream of graceful derogatory reflections which please both the listeners and himself so much that the atmosphere is light with approval. Until you remember that the whole thing adds up to nothing more than classic reactionary authoritarianism.

On civil disorder he says things like: "The dreamy rhetoric of Martin Luther King... bred only frustration and resentment, not composure and faith." And he reminds us, from his cosseted comfort, that "True justice is reserved for another world." Arguments in favour of birth

control he will "knead for meaning" and find none. Rioting in the Negro ghetto he sees as only a slum variant of what Benjamin Spock is doing. In short, most things he would stand for I would stand on. But he is a man of genuine, as distinct from theatrical, charm, and human relations being what they are, it is difficult not to appreciate him. (Since I will have to reduce his convoluted prose I will not put his answers in quotes but in italics.)

"Mr Buckley," I said, "you and Shirley Temple want to bomb Haiphong and to hell with the consequences?"

Me and Shirley Temple and the Chiefs of Staff.

"How can an intelligent man like you go on saying things like: 'The Catholic Church is the designated—exclusively—understood—vehicle of the word of Christ'?"

If Chesterton and Newman had no problem, why should I? If I lived a thousand years I would not attain the sophistication of a Chesterton. From my reading you overrate Chesterton. Read more!"

"Compared to the subterranean life of, say, a Welsh miner, and Stalinism apart, surely life in Russia is not such an awful alternative that it justifies the kind of slaughter in Vietnam, the object of which is allegedly to keep the world safe from Communism?"

This is probably true for those who live a semi-animal existence. But I agree with the New York Times writer who said that Communism was the highest assault on the human spirit.

"Comparing her over history the Catholic Church could also qualify?"

You are using a metaphor. "So were you." No I was not. "Neither am I... in the sense that so many generations must have been persuaded to submit to exploitation and misery by exhortations such as 'Ah, offer it up to the suffering souls in purgatory'..."

We offer up our distress, and rightly so. We all write of My Lai, you reached the conclusion that the 'ethical equilibrium' of these young soldiers was probably unbalanced well before they went to Vietnam. And you said: Unbalanced by a Society deprived of the strength of religious sanctions; a society hugely devoted to hedonism, to permissive egalitarianism, to an indifference

to authority and law. And the next thing you claim the culprit is really Berkeley."

In America the word *Berkeley* is the symbol of student anarchism, irresponsibility, lawlessness. As regards *My Lai* I lean towards the theory that it was an aberration. Remember that those soldiers violated military code. You see we acknowledge the value of hierarchies—one of them being religion. If these soldiers had operated under strict rules would have been under control, since the men would have been wired into a sense of brotherhood.

"You mean the soldiers would have killed more neatly instead of indiscriminately?"

I don't know what you mean by neatly. The difficulty in Vietnam is that it is the kind of war where the enemy violates all codes. Such activity invites indiscriminate action. The enemy can make himself indistinguishable from the sweet old grandmother—who probably is carrying a bomb in her basket. But I admit it is pretty damn hard to swallow the killing of naked three-year-old children."

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